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Selections.

From the Baltimore Saturday Visiter.

VOLUNTARY SLAVERY.

We are aware that this caption involves a solecism, but it will have served its purpose, if it secures attention to what follows.

Some of the newspapers are crowing lustily over an alleged case of voluntary enslavement in Washington county, Maryland. The Martinsburg, (Va.) "Gazette," thus calls "especial attention" to it:

Hurza for Free-Niggerdom.—The Hagerstown News of last week, furnishes us the following bit of information, to which we call esspecial attention:

Some two or three weeks ago there came to this place, from the adjoining county of Franklin, two negroes, man and wife, named John and Catharine McDaniel. Upon their arrival, they appeared before an officer, and desired to be disposed of according to the provisions of a law of this State, which prohibits the entrance of free negroes from an adjoining State, under the penalty of being sold as slaves. Upon being questioned as to whether they were aware of the existence of this law before leaving the free soil of Pennsylvania, they replied that they were, and that they came with the express view of being sold into slavery under its provisions, for, in their own words, they "would rather be slaves in Maryland than freemen in Pennsylvania." They were accordingly taken into custody, duly advertised, and on Saturday last sold by the Sheriff, at public sale.

Now we think a few words will suffice to put a stop to all this pro-slavery crowing: Saying nothing of the hundreds who are constantly showing that they prefer freedom in Pennsylvania, poor a boon as it may be, to slavery in either of the adjoining States, and taking the above statement as correct, although coming through an *ex parte* channel, it proves nothing at all for Slavery as it prevails around us. The two cases are as different as possible—the one is voluntary, the other involuntary servitude; and it is this element of *compulsion* which gives Slavery its peculiar bitterness! Were the slave's lot always one of his own choice, and did that choice not affect the volition of his descendants, far different would be his relation. If all the slaves of Maryland were proclaimed free this day, and every one of them should sell *themselves* to-morrow, they would still be no longer "slaves," but virtually *bondmen*. The distinction is clearly obvious, except to such as "have eyes to see, and see not."

But what evidence have these cackling gentlemen of the press, that John and Catharine will *stay* enslaved in Maryland, any longer than probable ties of kindred &c. (and we should like to be informed of *all* the circumstances) induce them to do so voluntarily? These "stupid blacks" exhibit singular cunning sometimes! Having, no doubt, been purchased for a few dollars, they are aware that the motive to pursue them will be very slight; and hence their "lawful owner" need not be at all surprised—we reckon he will not be—on awaking some morning, after the "pinching time" of winter is past, to find his "chattels" flown back to Pennsylvania, and some of his neighbours calling to inquire after "my negro boy, Ben," and "my negro wench, Sal," also flown! To say nothing of the latter of these suppository sufferers—we must say that the man who could find his own heart's consent to encourage such a self and race-degrading step as that *said* to be voluntarily taken by these ignorant victims of "black laws" and blacker prejudices, *deserves* to lose his money by some such outwitting process!

SABBATH SCHOOL MOVEMENT ON BEHALF OF THE SLAVE.

A circular containing the following resolutions has been forwarded by the Secretary of the Sabbath School, at Oxford Hill, in the city of Norwich, and we think the idea so excellent, that we feel much pleasure in giving the subject all the publicity in our power:—

"1st.—That considering the awful extent to which Slavery is practised among professing Christians in America, it becomes incumbent on all the followers of Christ, to exert their influence, in some practical manner, that our American brethren may be led to see the sinfulness of slaveholding.

"2d.—That the Secretary be directed to draw up a memorial, to be signed by the children, and a letter, to be signed by the teachers, to be sent to some church or churches where slaveholders form a part: likewise a memorial, to be signed by the teachers, to be sent to the Sunday School Union, in New-York, requesting their co-operation.

"3d.—That notice of these proceedings be sent to some chapel or chapels in every town in England and Wales, and to the Sunday School Union in Scotland, that they may be induced to follow the example, in hope, that this display of arguments and feeling, presented by such a body of Sabbath School teachers and children, might be the means, through God's blessing, of leading our American brethren to reflect on their ways, and determine, 'Let others do as they will, as for us, we will serve the Lord.'"

We would strongly recommend our readers, in all parts of the kingdom, to take this matter up with spirit; and we have no doubt that the result will justify the sanguine expectations of the friends of justice and humanity.—*Christian Penny Record, (Jersey, England.)*

From the Boston Courier.

BLACK LAWS IN MISSOURI.

Since the recent decision of Judge Krum, a writer in the St. Louis Gazette has furnished the following question to be answered by the wise constitutional heads of Missouri:

Some five years since, a gentleman in this city, upon his death-bed, by will, freed over a dozen of his slaves. When the executor, three years after this, made a final settlement of the estate, he consulted some of the best lawyers in the city, in relation to the steps necessary to protect these negroes in the privilege of their freedom in Missouri. He was informed that by the decision of Judge Mullanphy, all that would be required would be to furnish each slave with a copy of the will, authenticated by the Judge of Probate. This was done, and they have remained here undisturbed until this week.

Now, under the decision of Judge Krum, they are hunted by the city officers, and threatened with stripes and fines, unless they will obtain a license to remain in this State, by proving their good character, and giving bonds for $1,000 each, endorsed by two responsible names.

Now, I ask, what shall they do?

They have no friends here. They had and can't have given the required bonds when first freed. But under the decision of an old resident of Missouri, a slaveholder, they were then informed that this was not necessary. They have no right to reside in any other State in the Union, without bonds. They have no friends, only in the vicinity of New Orleans, where they cannot go.

One of them is over sixty years old, a member of the Baptist Church, of unblemished character. She and younger female members of the family, with great industry, support themselves by taking washing. To do this, they must live in a city. In no other city in the Union, than St. Louis, have they a right to stay. Here lawyer and judges have informed them they had a constitutional right to remain. It is now in the worst part of winter. I ask again, what shall they do? Suppose they are taken up, fined, and whipped, and sent out of the State—what then? Where shall they go? They cannot go to Illinois without bonds. If they can't they have no means of support there. If any considerable number go to Illinois, or any other free State, they will be treated with the same abolition kindness the Ohioans manifested towards John Randolph's servants.

Here it is not safe for any one to give bonds for a free negro, for it has been intimated, that those who are at the bottom of the present persecution, intend to involve every free negro thus licensed, to remain in Missouri, in some real or pretended crime, by which the bonds shall be forfeited until our citizens refuse to give bonds for any free coloured person.

Then what shall this family do? They are well nigh frantic with despair. I see no abiding place for them in the United States.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS AT NEWCASTLE-UPON TYNE.

We find in the Newcastle Guardian, full and interesting reports of two meetings of the Anti-Slavery League recently formed in that town. H. C. Wright and Frederick Douglass were the principal speakers. After speeches from both these gentlemen, at the first meeting, the Rev. Mr. Rogers replied.

That, after the way in which Mr. Douglass had been received by the meeting, it might appear somewhat hazardous in him to dissent from any of his statements. He could only say, that there was no man in that meeting who cherished a warmer admiration of Mr. Douglass, or more kindly sentiments towards him, than himself; and, as he had listened to that true eloquence, he had asked, is it possible that any man would dare to say that this man, of such lofty mind, such noble sentiments, was born to be a slave (loud cheers)? In everything that Mr. D. had said, relative to the American churches, he fully concurred. He could not understaud the religion that, to-day, would profess to reverence God, and, to-morrow, would dare to obliterate God's image in man—that, to-day, would profess to commemorate a Saviour's love, and, to-morrow, would trample on those for whom that Saviour died (loud cheers). *In the general principle of the League, too, as enunciated by Mr. D. he fully agreed. He believed that, on this platform, they had nothing to do with a man's political or religious principles, but were concerned simply with his abhorrence of Slavery* (renewed cheers.) With so much to admire, he regretted that there was anything to condemn; but there had been too evidently an attempt to confound Christianity with the excesses of its professors. He felt himself specially called upon to reply to Mr. D.'s statements, that the Congregational and Baptist churches of this town held fellowship with slaveholding churches in America. To this he must give a distinct denial. He did not charge Mr. D. with intentional misrepresentation—he imagined his statements had originated in a mistake, relative to the constitution of Congregational churches. These churches were independent in themselves, and, therefore, responsible solely for their own individual acts. He could only say for himself, that on the same principle on which he would exclude a liar, a swearer, or a drunkard from communion, so would he exclude the man who trafficked in the bodies and souls of his fellow-men (loud cheers). He also felt that Dr. Campbell had been dealt with too severely. The Doctor had always been the most uncompromising advocate of freedom, and it was really too bad to charge him with fraternizing with the American churches. He regretted the spirit of the remarks, because they were calculated to injure the cause they were designed to serve (cheers).

On the following evening, another meeting was held, and we copy the debate entire. We have marked in italics passages in the speech already quoted, and the one that follows, of the Rev. Mr. Rogers. The principle of toleration seemed to be a very good one, when it was exercised toward himself by others, but quite another affair when called for toward another by himself:

Mr. Smith, of London, came forward, and, after reading the constitution of the League, adverted to the circumstances attending its formation, and concluded by an able appeal to the audience in support of the cause.

Mr. H. C. Wright, from Philadelphia, U. S. said, the question of American Slavery was not an American question, but an English one; for there was scarcely a family in England who had not some relatives in the United States. American Slavery was the rock on which all the American States would be ultimately shipwrecked, unless it were removed out of the way. When America suffered, would not England suffer too? When the banks in Boston, New-York, and Philadelphia were stopped, would the merchants of Manchester, Liverpool, and London be uninjured? It was a question of interest to every merchant and tradesman in the kingdom. He cared not what opinions a man held; he would welcome both the Mahommedan and the Heathen, if he would only come and assist in the overthrow of American Slavery without blood. After a few more remarks of a similar nature, Mr. Wright said he should wish to say a few words with reference to Dr. Campbell, the editor of the *Christian Witness*, for which purpose he read a resolution of the American Anti-Slavery Society, which had been commented on by Dr. Campbell, and was as follows:—"That this meeting rejoices in the present declining state of American religion, inasmuch as it voluntarily comes forward to baptize and to sanctify Slavery, which Mahommedanism abolishes and Catholicism condemns; and that it will endeavour to warn the world, particularly the so-called Heathen portion of it, against its influence." Dr. Campbell (continued Mr. W.) says "that if the decline of the American religion gives joy to this society, the principle of the society is infidelity. Its motto is, let Christianity perish that the slave may go free." When he read this resolution, did the audience understand it so? (cries of "No, no.") Was there a man in the audience who understood that Christianity was meant in that resolution? ("No, no.") He believed, if the truth could be known, there was not a person present, who, when the resolution was read, had an idea that the society would rejoice in the decline of Christianity. Ye: Dr. Campbell, the editor of the *Christian Witness*, said that the resolution meant that the society rejoiced in its decline. Did the audience think he did not know better? He should like to settle the question with this audience, whether Dr. Campbell was an honest man. ("No, no; he's a rascal.") Could a man be honest, who took that resolution as it stood, and said that it was designed to hold up the idea that the American Anti-Slavery Society rejoiced in the decline and overthrow of Christianity? Dr. Campbell said it did, and asked "whether the hope of the slave was founded on Christianity?" They were not talking of Christianity in that resolution at all. The American Anti-Slavery Socity asserted, "that the American *religion*, inasmuch as it came forth to baptize and sanctify Slavery, ought to decline and be abolished." It was the slaveholding *religion* that they wanted to have abolished—a religion at which the American Anti-Slavery Society had made war to the death, and would never cease until it was entirely blotted out from the world. Dr. Campbell said that this slaveholding religion, which he admits to be such, was Christianity. He (Mr. W.) denied that such a religion was Christianity, and would heartily rejoice at its extinction. When they talked about American religion, Dr. Campbell came forward and said, they were repudiating Christianity—condemning Christianity—warning the people against Christianity. Did he not know better? Could it be possible that he did not know better? He (Mr. W.) believed he did know better, when he said it (cheers and hisses). He would repeat that, when Dr. Campbell held forth the doctrine that the American Anti-Slavery Society designed to aim their condemnation against Christity, he knew better when he said it (cheers and hisses). He (Mr. W.) believed that Dr. Campbell knew that he was uttering that which was untrue. After proceeding in this strain at considerable length, Mr. Wright read an advertisement from an American newspaper, announcing the sale of eight slaves, levied on as the property of a Mr. Hall, to satisfy a mortgage in favour of the Board of Directors of the Theological Seminary of South Carolina and Georgia, and then asked if the religion represented by such a synod, was the Christian religion? ("No, no.") Was the religion, represented and upheld by a General Assembly like that, the Christian religion? "No, no.") Certainly not. If it were, he would put his heel on it. The religion that could give a man authority to make another man a beast, he would grind under his heel, and would trample in the dust the Constitution of any Government that would sanction such a thing (cheers). Were they fighting against Christianity when they fought against such a religion? ("No, no.") Dr. Campbell said they were. He believed, if Dr. Campbell had understood these matters as well as he (Mr. W.) did, that he never would have written that article (applause).

Rev. J. G. Rogers would remind the meeting of the points which he endeavoured to establish last night. An assertion had been made, that the Congregational churches of this town were guilty of having fellowship with slaveholding churches. To that statement he gave a distinct denial on the part of these bodies, and it had been retracted. As to the Congregational Union, it had no more right to say to an individual church, that it should receive certain persons into, and exclude others from, fellowship, than had that meeting. It was not a governing body, and any interference with the rights of the churches, of which it was composed, would inevitably cause its dissolution. But what had the Congregational Union done? It had, in the strongest terms, remonstrated with the American churches, exposing their sin in slaveholding, and declaring that the blessing of God could not descend on them, while they were thus steeped in guilt. He would also remind the meeting, that the resolution, at the Anti-Slavery Convention of 1840, repudiating fellowship with slaveholders, was moved by one of the most distinguished Congregational ministers, the Rev. J. A. James, of Birmingham, (loud cheers). So much for the body. As to the Rev. Dr. Campbell, he had never undertaken to advocate all his sayings. The Doctor was quite competent to his own defence. But he was desirous that his position should be placed before the meeting. He might be mistaken, but, certainly, he was not dishonest, as Mr. Wright had said. The resolution was, at all events, doubtful in its character. Had it said "the American churches," all would have been clear; and did he believe that Dr. Campbell would palliate the conduct of these churches, for the Doctor he would not have a word of excuse. But his sentiments, on this point, were clearly expressed—his views, also, as to Mr. Douglass and Mr. Thompson, were explicitly stated. *Of Mr. Garrison he had his doubts. Reports, unfavourable to that gentleman, had reached his ears—he had no means of knowing their falsity (if they were false); he knew that Mr. Garrison rejected commonly received opinions, on certain points of Chrisitian doctrine and practice, and thus he was somewhat suspicious.* He would ask the meeting, if it was possible for Dr. C. reading the resolution with such feelings, to put upon it the construction he had done. If it was, he allowed him the benefit of the doubt, and deemed him honest till the contrary was fully established. Certain he was, that if his head had erred, his heart was right, and that were he convinced of his fault, no one would be more ready to retract (loud cheers.)

Mr. Wright, in reply, dwelt upon the fact, that Dr. C. had refused to insert Mr. Garrison's letter, which, he said, left him without excuse.

Mr. Joseph Barker then addressed the meeting, after which,

The Rev. H. Christopherson rose and said—Sir, I wish to be allowed to make a single remark, in explanation of my appearance at this meeting. I am afraid that, considering the fact of my continuing a member of the committee of the old society in this town, I should be regarded as inconsistent, or out of my place, in attending a meeting of the Anti-Slavery League. In a conversation, however, which I had this morning with my friend Mr. Rogers, I learned that, in one of the speeches delivered last night, it was charged upon the Congregational churches of this town, both Independent and Baptist, that they fellowshipped with slaveholding churches in the States of North America. This, I understand, was deliberately alleged in the course of one of the speeches delivered last evening. Now, Sir, I think that this meeting will do me the justice to allow, that, ever since I came into this town, I have never manifested indifference to the enormities of American Slavery—nor to the apostacy of men calling themselves Christians, by whom that Slavery is upheld (applause). But I am anxious that this meeting should clearly understand the difference in this respect between a Congregational and a Presbyterian church. We (I speak for Mr. Rogers' denomination and my own) have no superintending and representative body, by whose acts the mass could be committed in the direction either of right or of wrong. This constitutes the important difference. No association, no union, could ever so fraternize with slaveholders, as to render it true that the body fraternized with them. Individuals may betray the cause of liberty in every denomination; but it is of the essence of Congregationalism, that each church does right or wrong for itself, or on its own responsibility. In reference to the mistake made last night, I have great pleasure in reading to this meeting a letter that was received to-day by the Secretary of the Northern Baptist Association, from Mr. Frederick Douglass:—

Sir,—I thank you for the information contained in your letter this morning. I am glad to know that I erred in supposing that the Northern Baptist Association were in fellowship with American churches which admit slaveholders to membership. Did my health permit, I would be present at the meeting to-night and make this acknowledgment. I should be happy to have this read to the meeting, that justice might be done at once.

Very sincerely and respectfully,
FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Newcastle, December 29.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS AT LEEDS.

Through the kindness of some friend in England we received also by the last steamer a copy of the Leeds Times, containing a long report of an Anti-Slavery meeting held at that place. We copy a portion of it:

On Wednesday evening last, a meeting was held in the Music Hall, for the purpose of publicly receiving in Leeds, the escaped American slave, whose lectures and exposure of the horrible system of Slavery in America, have produced so great a sensation throughout the country. Mr. Douglass's object in coming to Leeds, was to expose "the horrors and persecutions of American Slavery, the connection of that Slavery with the religious denominations of America and Great Britain, and to point out the course to be pursued by the Christians of this country, in order to secure the speedy abolition of this accursed system." Those who have ever heard this son of Africa, must remember with pleasure the thrilling and natural eloquence he throws into his speeches, in which the stamp of truth is indelibly and unmistakeably fixed; and those who have seen him, must have felt that there stood before them one of nature's noblemen—there is the negro's woolly head, his prominent thick lips, and high cheek bones; but with these stand the broad and ample forehead, bespeaking exalted sense, the eye which in its flashing indicates it the true inlet of the soul; in short, none can look upon him but to feel that he is a man possessed of all the faculties and powers which make man noble. The meeting was not very well attended; this is to be accounted for in two ways—first, in consequence of the illness of Mr. Douglass last week, the whole of the Leeds press announced that he would be obliged to defer his visit for a time, and scarcely twenty-four hour's notice was given of his coming; and secondly, a division has sprung up among the friends of abolition upon a subject which we need not further advert to here, as Mr. Douglass entered fully into it in his lecture.

The chair was taken by J. D. Luccock, Esq. when addresses were made by Mr. Douglass and others. We give an extract from that of the former:

Mr. Douglass again came forward for the purpose of explaining the position he occupied in connection with the Anti-Slavery League. Those who had been accustomed to attend Anti-Slavery meetings in Leeds, would have observed that at their present meeting the cause appeared to be in different hands to what it had been originally. It was but right and just that we should make known why this was the case. The absence from the platform that evening, of some who formerly took a prominent part in these proceedings, was a sort of indirect condemnation of its being held. (hear, hear.) Why were they not present? Was it because the advocates before them were not moral and religious characters?—or that they are not earnestly devoting their time, their talents, and their strength in the promotion of this holy cause? Are those the reasons why they had not the countenance and support of those gentlemen who used to lead the van in this glorious enterprise? No, it was not (hear, hear). He was not there to censure them; but to express his regret, deep and unfeigned, that they had not thought it their duty to welcome the fugitive slave among them. (cheers.) They would have been there by his side, to help, to encourage, to aid him, had he come alone and upon his own responsibility, and unconnected with the Anti-Slavery League (hear, hear). If he would relinquish the League, he would have their assistance, and that of the London Anti-Slavery Committee. And why, (continued Mr Douglass,) will they not be connected with the League? Because the League is connected with William Lloyd Garrison, in America. And who is William Lloyd Garrison? Is he not a man and a brother? Is he not right? Is not his heart full of love for the downtrodden bondsman? William Lloyd Garrison is the man who, sixteen years ago, when America was asleep, when the press was silent as the grave, when the pulpit breathed not a note of warning, of recognition, or of alarm, and when not another man dared to stir or utter a word against the infernal system of American Slavery—Garrison, in his youth and in his obscurity, dared to stand up in that corrupt and venal generation, and demand the immediate, the unconditional freedom of the slave (loud cheers). Who is Wm. Lloyd Garrison? He it is, who for sixteen years through evil report and good report, has borne aloft the banner of emancipation, never flinching, never quailing, amidst the frowns of the powerful, or the peltings, insults, outrages, and violence of the United States' mobs (hear, hear). Who is Wm. Lloyd Garrison? He is the man most avoided by the slaveholder and his religious apologist, and loved and reverenced by the Abolitionist and the slave (applause). Who is Wm Lloyd Garrison? The man who stands at the head of the Anti-Slavery movement, than whom no man is more persevering, more indefatigable, none more disliked and dreaded by the slave powers in that land of Slavery, democratic America,—more feared by them than all other Abolitionists put together (hear, hear). He is the man who has torn the mask of hypocrisy from the plundering slaveholder and a blood-stained Church; and ventured his life in the cause more than any other man living. This is Wm. Lloyd Garrison (loud applause). I like Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham, I revere the Anti-Slavery Committee, I love the Abolitionists of England; but they ask me too much when they desire me to step from the side of Garrison (cheers). Sacrifice the man from whom I have received more than from any man breathing,—my first, my last, my most steadfast friend—the friend of liberty, the parent of freedom! Impossible! Slave-born though I was, such black ingratitude befits not me: I leave it to the slaveowner and his religious apologists (loud and continued cheering). I should be thankful for their support, glad of their co-operation, but at such a price I cannot receive it (hear, hear, hear).

At the close of his speech

Mr. J. S. Hincks briefly proposed the following resolution, which was seconded by Dr. Irvine:—That the thanks of this meeting be given to Frederick Douglass, for the eloquent and stirring lecture which he has just delivered. That this meeting considers the system of American Slavery as a most heinous transgression of the law of Christ; that we consider the connection of professing Christians, and of persons professing to be ministers of the Gospel, with this ungodly and inhuman system, as a grievous injury to the Christian cause, and that we would urge the religious denominations of this country to break off all fellowship with the slaveholding churches of America, till they have purged themselves from the foul abomination.

The Rev. C. Wicksteed, A. M. Unitarian minister, expressed his cordial approval of the resolution with the exception of the latter clause, which he objected to as contrary to the tenets of the Unitarians, who hold that no man has a right to excommunicate his fellow-man. At the same time, he felt as strongly as any person could, the abominations and iniquities of Slavery (applause).

The resolution was carried unanimously, and with acclamation.

A vote of thanks was then passed to the chairman: and the meeting separated, after it had been announced that Mr. Douglass would revisit Leeds in a short time.

TO WESLEYANS AND OTHERS.

We are indebted to the author for the following circular, and commend it to the attentive perusal of our readers. It is proper to say, that Mr. Walker does not wish it understood that in taking his place on the platform of the American Anti-Slavery Society, that that Society has anything to do with any of his views, except those on Anti-Slavery:

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—I regret that I have been compelled by the force of circumstances to withdraw from the organization to which I, from its commencement, have belonged. In doing this, I feel that it is a duty I owe the connection, and those interested, to briefly address them on this occasion.

Very few acts of my life have been attended with as much pain as my withdrawal from your ecclesiastical fellowship. The ties that bound me to you were very strong;—strong because they were *formed* in a similarity of views and feeling, *increased* by intercourse and fellowship, *drawn tighter* by suffering and conflict for the RIGHT. The closest and dearest attachments I ever formed, were while we struggled and fought against the monster power of oppression in the mammoth churches to which we belonged. I hazard nothing when I say, that attachments formed by kindred feeling, in the midst of toil, and anguish, and suffering, and continued amid years of severe trial, in the advocacy of high and holy principles, must be the strongest of our lives. Such are the attachments I formed among you, those feelings will be lasting as eternity.

I cannot refrain, in this manner, from giving my testimony to the character of *many* with whom I have been in church fellowship. I have from the commencement of my acquaintance with the Wesleyans, been impressed with the high moral character of many of its members. I have regarded them as the choicest specimens of their race. Noble-minded, pure, disinterested labourers in the cause of human emancipation and elevation. I have watched their self-denial, and deep devotion;—their willingness to suffer reproach;—their unrelenting zeal, and firmness of purpose;—their deep thrilling sympathy for the degraded slave;—their honest efforts to procure his freedom; and the willingness with which they give of their abundance, and their penury;—the firm trust in God they have displayed, while thunders from their foes have rolled around them;—the unshaken fortitude, when professed friends have forsaken them, and gone back to Egypt to worship slaveholding gods. Such have done all they have seen to be their duty, and will not refuse to progress as light shines upon their minds. I wish I could thus speak of all; but I cannot. There are those who occupy an entirely different position, and with whom I never could have union of soul. This feeling has, of course, been reciprocal. Of my personal treatment, I would speak in the highest terms. I have always been treated with the utmost possible kindness wherever I have gone, and shall be by many in the future.

I may be justly asked, if these are the views I have formed of those composing the Wesleyan Church, what object I have in changing my position? I answer:—I wish to be placed where I can still more successfully operate upon the public mind in favour of universal redemption;—redemption from all that enslaves the mind—the soul—the body. Long since, I inscribed excelsior upon my banner; and as I see a height to which I cannot attain unto while in any organization, based upon wrong principles, in order to attain that elevation, I leave for a time, those who are not prepared to ascend.

That it may be understood *why* I leave my present position, I will proceed, as fully as this mode of presenting my views will allow, to lay them before you.

I *believe* the principles that called the Wesleyan Church into existence, "that SLAVERY IS SIN, under all possible circumstances,—that it is sin to give it any voluntary support whatever." The Constitution of the United States is a compromise with Slavery, "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell." The power that sustains Slavery every hour is found in the North, or the nominally free States operating through adherence to, and support of the Federal Compact. Every man that gives support to the Constitution, knowing its character, is a wilful slaveholder; and he who supports it, not knowing its character, is nevertheless binding the chain more tightly on the neck of the slave Great numbers of the members of the Wesleyan Church support that document, and nearly all do it through supporting the Liberty party, which, (although containing many warm-hearted, devoted friends of the slave,) in my opinion, is the most dangerous of the three. Look at the pro-slavery church-leaders and candidates. Thus, while they will not support Slavery ecclesiastically, are slaveholders politically. I do not pretend to argue these positions; it is not the place. They are my views, and I am responsible for the way I act in reference to them.

I believe all war, in the language of the discipline, "to be inconsistent with the principles of Christianity," and at variance with every precept of Jesus Christ. Here also is glaring inconsistency. "All war, and all its tendencies, are evil," is reiterated constantly. Yet the members of the Church, in some places, are regularly in the practice of learning war, while all who support the Government are sworn to physical violence. The whole machinery of government depends for its success on compulsion. Every man who sustains the Constitution, gives Congress the power to declare war, to levy taxes to support war, to force men into war, to burn, sink, and destroy the property of all those whom it deems an enemy. What is wrong to be done by us personally, is wrong to be done for us by a paid agent, or otherwise.

I am a non-resistant, and cannot endorse the Christian character of those who are the murderers of their race, who, while praying at home for peace, are daily in the tented field, in the persons of their agents. They may not see this; but that does not alter my duty, when I see it to be wrong. Neither does it alter the fact, that they are warriors. I know that there are many who see this matter as I see it. Yet there are many, who, whether they see or not, are participating in the evil.

I would also state, that I have no sympathy with the legalizers and defenders of the gallows. It may be asked, why I cannot allow an honest difference of opinion?—why I cannot exercise charity sufficient to recognize these persons as true Christians? I answer, I have no objection to a man differing with me in opinion, so long as I am not called upon to endorse his character. This, while in the Wesleyan church, I am compelled to do. If I say by my position, that a slaveholder, a sustainer of war and the gallows, &c. is a *Christian*, then I declare to the world that Jesus was such a character, which I don't believe. I think no church is based upon proper principles, where one has to become responsible for another's procedure.

will be proud, revengeful, or selfish, let him do it without involving others.

A man cannot, while he adheres to the discipline and creeds of present church organizations, tell the whole truth, especially where he is supported by a church, without involving himself continually in difficulty, and being thereby rendered miserable.—This has been my situation for the past several months. I have laboured hard to establish a *free pulpit*, and *freedom of spirit*. In this I have been supported by many dear friends. Yet God only knows what I have had to suffer from those who have been wedded to the world and party.

So far as my connection with the church at Cleveland is concerned, I will say a word. I know that I occupy a high position, in the estimation of very many of the church; with many I deeply sympathize, and believe them to be true men and women. Yet there are a very few who are strong party men, (Liberty party,) who love party more than truth, and the building up of a sect to the advancement of the cause of God. Yet they say they are honest, and I will not deny it.

I believe truth has advanced here with as much rapidity as could be expected. The congregations are larger, regularly, than they have *ever* been before my coming; the church is filled every first day.

I leave this church with deep regret; yet with some degree of consolation, from the thought, that the place is spoiled for a craven, time-serving priest.

Still, I believe no man will be employed here long, who is a non-resistant, or who will not support the Liberty party. I also think that a reformer should not, if he wishes his influence to be felt, be identified with any party. I think he should be FREE, as was Christ, and let those whom the truth effects, form such associations as may be deemed best for the accomplishment of their purposes—such as all can unite in, like "the League of Universal Brotherhood," or "Anti-Slavery Society," &c.

The great reformers of the age have many of them seen the importance of this position, and I am wishful to be identified with them.

What my future course may be, I cannot tell certainly. Yet I think it highly probable that for some time my life will be devoted to the Anti-Slavery cause, in connection with the American Anti-Slavery Society.

My hope for the world's happiness depends alone upon conformity to the will of God, as exhibited in the life of Jesus Christ. Yet I do not expect to change my position with being charged with "infidelity," "disorganizer," "Garrisonian," "traitor," &c. Yet will I "suffer affliction with the people of God."

I wish it to be understood, that I do not place the Wesleyans on the same footing with the large religious sects of the country. No. I esteem them for their work's sake, and for the manly stand they have already taken. But by supporting the Constitution and political parties, in my opinion they err.

My friends, you will be tenderly remembered by me through life. Let me still occupy a place in your affections. I shall be still in the vineyard, and ONE with every friend of God and man.

Yours in the labours of humanity.
J. W. WALKER.

P. S. My residence will be in Cleveland for the present. Books may be ordered from the Book Depository, as usual.

THE MESSAGE IN ENGLAND.

We hope that Mr. Polk may be blessed with grace enough to read the following article from the London Chronicle. Not that we suppose it will do him any good, but that he may learn that one need be neither a Whig or an Abolitionist to understand the character of his message:

It seems a monstrous thing that mouth of man should run on thus: that it should parade hypocrisy in the daylight; that it should insult the understanding of a world. It seems incredible—incredible, not as a matter of principle or partisanship, as a matter of right or wrong, as a point of honesty or falsehood. We lay the morality of the thing aside. We place it in the limbo of things lost on earth, and which will not be found in heaven—with the oaths of lovers, the truth of epitaphs, the *ententes cordiales* of Guizot, and the bonds of Pennsylvania. We deal with the exposition of such gross fallacies as those of Mr. Polk's speech, simply as a matter of advocacy, as a question of wise or foolish, or clever or stupid, of policy or of folly. To what end make statements that will deceive no one, and which will undo so much credit for the future?

The answer is, for the sake of those who want an excuse for being persuaded; for the sake of the conscience of the future Governor of California; for the tenderness of the scruples of the expectant Judge of Tamaulipas; for the S[illegible] Mexico; for the religious [illegible] priate the picked land [illegible] slaging riflemen that [illegible] Zacatecas; for every [illegible] promise or a hope of spoil; [illegible] lator who has definite views of the particular Mexican that he means to rob, and for the sanguine Almaschar that is dreaming indefinitely of an El Dorado. All these men want a justification. The demand creates the supply. So casuistry rises in the market.

To look upon the speech in question in any other light, is to judge ill of Mr. Polk; that is, to judge of him in a way disagreeable to himself. To imagine that he had sufficient faith in his own defence to mistake his message for a justification of his conduct in the eyes of any part of Europe, or even in those of half America, would be to accuse him of the disreputable blindness of sincerity. He must know himself that this is not the case. He has put himself beyond the reach of credence. The best thing that can be said of him is, that he knows his position.

From the Tribune.

MR. WINTHROP AND JOHN JAY.

In May last Congress passed a bill declaring that, "*By the acts of the Republic of Mexico*, a state of war exists between the United States and that Republic."

The bill, with a view to the *successful prosecution* of this war, authorized the President to employ the land and naval forces of the United States, and to accept the services of volunteers not exceeding in number 50,000; and it also placed at his disposal for the purposes of the war, ten millions of dollars.

Mr. Winthrop, a Representative from Boston, to the grief and surprise of many of his political friends, voted for this mendacious and iniquitous law. His conduct was severely censured by no small portion of his constituents, and his re-election opposed, although unsuccessfully, on the ground of this very vote.

Did Mr. Winthrop believe the assertion with which the American Declaration of War commenced? Certainly not; for in his speech on the Tariff, June 25, he admits that he

"Cannot vindicate the justice of the declaration that *war now exists by the act of Mexico.*"

Again in his speech on the increase of the Army, January 8, he says, speaking of the territory of Texas,

"Congress distinctly recognized a disputed territory, and called upon the President to settle that question by amicable negotiation. The President proffered the negotiation. I gave him credit for that. It was rejected. What next? Instead of acting in the spirit of peace, and laying the matter before Congress, the *Executive proceeded to make war himself.* He proceeded to assert the American title to that disputed territory by FORCE OF ARMS. That was the direct and immediate cause of the Mexican war."*

Mr. Winthrop, in his speech of the 8th instant, not only avers that the Executive made the war himself—but quotes from the President's message to show that the war is avowedly waged to *satisfy certain pecuniary demands of our citizens against Mexico, and to procure indemnity for the expense of waging it.* It is difficult to imagine more atrocious motives for a war, than those which Mr. Winthrop allows are assigned for prompting and continuing the one for which he has voted such large supplies. To collect certain debts, we commence murdering the Mexicans, and are not to cease from the work of human butchery, till we are paid—*indemnified* [illegible] Mexico has no money, and of course that we intend taking our pay in *land*; and he adds: "IT IS THE LUST OF TERRITORY *which is the source of the war.*"

He then asserts his power to prove.

"That before there was any war, certainly at the first moment it was declared, the possession, occupation, and permanent ownership of California, was the great end which the Government had in view."

Again he affirms—

"Every dollar of appropriation for this war is expended for what? For more territory. It is for more territory, Sir, you appropriate money for this war. We are actually buying feet after feet, and acre after acre of Mexican territory, which is to furnish the subject of that great struggle (Slavery) already foreshadowed on this floor"

Does Mr. Winthrop desire Mexican territory? Hear him:

"Let me add that we of the North do not desire, as I understand it—I know my own heart and my own principles, and can at least speak for them—*Do not desire to gain one foot of territory as the result of the present war with Mexico.*"

Does he wish the extension of Slavery? Again hear him:

"So far as we have power, a constitutional power, we are resolved there shall be no farther extension of the territory of this Union subject to the institution of Slavery."

It is very natural that Mr. Winthrop should feel restive under the rebukes he has received for his support of a war whose character and objects he scarcely understands, and so pointedly condemns; and it is to be hoped that his own conscience feels oppressed by the responsibility with which he has burthened it, for the national falsehood embodied in the declaration of war against Mexico—for the blood, suffering, and desolation, flowing from the military supplies he has consented to place at the disposal of the author of the war, and for that vast extension of human bondage with its inseparable wretchedness, ignorance, and degradation, which in all probability will be the permanent result of this atrocious crusade. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that he should seek, if possible, to justify his conduct to himself and to others by the example of one whom he is pleased to call "A man of as pure patriotism, great intelligence, and firm integrity, as ever held office in this country."

He quotes a letter from John Jay, prefacing it with the remark that the sentiments it expresses "belong to us all *upon such an occasion as this*;" in other words, that they indicate the course of conduct which ought to be pursued in relation to the present war. The quotation is as follows:

"*John Jay to Timothy Pickering.*"

BEDFORD, November 1, 1814.

"It is not clear to me, that Britain did then expect or desire, to conclude the war quite so soon. As to her present or future disposition to peace, or how far it has been or may be affected by a settled, or by a still fluctuating state of things in Europe, or by calculations of our becoming more united, or more divided, cannot be known. If we should change our rulers, and fill their places with men free from blame, the restoration of peace might doubtless be more easily accomplished. Such a change will come, but not while the prevailing popular delusion continues to deceive and mislead so great a portion of our citizens.

"Things being as they are, we cannot be too perfectly united in a determination to defend our country, nor too vigilant in watching and resolutely examining the conduct of the Administration in all its departments, candidly and openly giving decided approbation or decided censure, according as it may deserve the one or the other."

Of this extract Mr. Winthrop says:

"I approve of both propositions. I hold that while *we do what is necessary to be done for the defence of the country*, we are bound to maintain a strict scrutiny into the conduct of the Administration."

It is very evident that Mr. Winthrop intends the public to understand that *he* is acting as John Jay would have acted in his place. In time of war John Jay opposed the Administration: Mr. Winthrop does the same. In time of war John Jay said the country ought to be *defended*: Mr. Winthrop feels

* See speech in the Washington Union, January 8, 1847.

himself bound to do whatever *is necessary* to be done for the defence of the country against the *Mexicans*, and therefore he votes to place the army—the navy—50,000 volunteers and ten millions of dollars at the disposal of Mr. Polk. It is very common for men to commit a second fault, in their endeavour to hide or excuse the first. The expression on which Mr. Winthrop relies as justifying his vote for military supplies, viz: that we ought to be united in our determination to *defend* our country, was uttered while the United States were at war with one of the most powerful nations in the world—a war in which our ports were blockaded, our territory invaded, our capital taken, and the villages on the frontier of Mr. Jay's State laid in ashes. He condemned the war, was anxious to eject from office those who had involved us in it, and recommended the organization of a *peace party*; but he nevertheless held that our citizens ought to defend the country, ought to protect their wives and children from slaughter, and their dwellings from conflagration. Mr. Winthrop would fain be thought to be carrying out the sentiment of John Jay, when he votes thousands of men and millions of dollars as "necessary" to *defend* the United States against the feeble, exhausted, disorganized Republic of Mexico—a State that has proved itself utterly incapable of subduing the few Americans who had seized upon Texas—a State without a frigate on the ocean or a soldier on our soil. Did he believe the supplies he granted would be employed in the *defence* of the country? So far from it, that he avers his ability to prove that at the first moment the war was declared, "the possession, occupation, and permanent ownership of California was the great end which the Government had in view."

Hence by his own showing this is a war for plunder, and the soldiers for whom he voted, instead of defending their own country, are to be employed in robbing another. But perhaps he did not make this discovery till recently, and possibly he had imbibed erroneous and exaggerated notions of the power and resources of Mexico, and verily believed that an army of 50,000 men was "necessary" to defend his country from a foreign invasion. If so, his mistakes are now corrected. He now knows the helplessness of Mexico; he sees her despoiled of one province after another; he well understands there is not a man, woman or child in the country who needs protection from the Mexicans; he clearly perceives the two-fold object of this war—annexation of territory and extension of Slavery: he has heard the Southern members announce on the floor of Congress their stern, inexorable resolve to convert at all *hazards*, the territories to be wrested from Mexico into a vast prison-house of slaves;* he perfectly comprehends that the popular clap-traps, "to conquer peace," "to prosecute the war to an honourable and successful termination," mean nothing more nor less than to compel Mexico by force of arms to quit-claim to us by treaty whatever territory the slaveholders may wish to come into future slave States. And now, with all this intelligence respecting the origin, purport, and character of the war, acquired, it is to be supposed, since in his simplicity he voted such great supplies for the *defence* of the country, what is the course of this gentleman, who wants not a foot of Mexican territory; and who is opposed to the extension of Slavery? Why, on the 5th January, he raises his voice in a mingled tone of confession and warning, and proclaims to the country that "every dollar of appropriation for this war is expended for more territory;" and on the 21st of this same month the same gentleman votes an appropriation for this same war, of TWENTY-THREE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!

Those to whom the character of John Jay is peculiarly dear, and who are naturally bound to guard it from misrepresentation, may well be indignant at the use made of his name to justify the support given to the Mexican war, and may well be excused for denying the identity of his principles, with those which have governed Mr. Winthrop's recent course. That course may be applauded by those whose morality permits them to test the uprightness of public acts by the maxim,

"Our Country, Right or Wrong;"

but no sanction for it can be found in the example of John Jay. His reverence for truth, his sense of moral obligation, his habitual remembrance of his accountability to his Maker, would have led him, under existing circumstances, to take a path widely diverging from that which Mr. Winthrop has settled.

WILLIAM JAY.

January 28, 1847.

* The Southern delegation voted *unanimously* against the prohibition of Slavery in Oregon, a *Northern* territory; and Mr. Seddon, of Virginia, no doubt spoke the sentiments of the slaveholders when he intimated that the South would not vote "A DOLLAR OR A MAN" for the Mexican war, should Congress resolve to exclude Slavery from the conquered provinces. Yet they, who in the discharge of Christian duty and the exercise of Constitutional freedom, condemn this base and very sinful war, are denounced by its author as TRAITORS to their country, giving "aid and comfort" to its enemies!!

From the New Orleans Picayune.

OUTRAGEOUS CONDUCT OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

CERALVO, Jan. 4, 1847.

I must devote one paragraph to a subject that I have too long neglected to allude to, and one that has given me great pain during my whole stay in Mexico; I mean the disreputable conduct of some of the volunteer troops. Below Mier, we met the 2d Regiment of Indiana troops, commanded, I believe, by Col. Drake.

They encamped near our camp, and a portion of them were exceedingly irregular in their behaviour, firing away their cartridges, and persecuting the Mexican families at a *ranchero* near by. They were on their return from near Monterey, where they had gone contrary to order, and where they had received positive orders to go back to the mouth of the Rio Grande.

A large portion of their officers were behind, and the men were left to do pretty much as they pleased. On arriving at Mier, we learned from indisputable authority, that this same regiment had committed, the day before, outrages against the citizens, of the most disgraceful character—stealing, or rather *robbing*, insulting the women, breaking into houses, and other feats of a similar character.

We have heard of them at almost every rancho, up to this place. At Ceralvo, are two companies of an Ohio regiment, (Col. Morgan's regiment,) to garrison the place. Gen. Taylor has issued proclamations, assuring the inhabitants of the towns in the conquered territory, that they should be protected and well treated by our troops. Since this place has been garrisoned by volunteers, the families have been subjected to all kinds of outrages.

At Punta Aguda it has been the same; and most of those who *could* go, have left their houses. Some have fallen into the hands of the Camanches, while flying from the persecutions of our volunteer troops. Recently the people here have received treatment from men stationed here, (I do not know who "commands" them,) that *negroes* in a state of insurrection, would hardly be guilty of.

The women have been repeatedly violated—(almost an every-day affair,) houses broken open, and insults of every kind have been offered to those *whom we are bound, by honour, to protect*. This is nothing more than a statement of facts. I have no time to make comments, but I desire to have this published, *and I have written it under the approval* of Captain Thornton, Major Dix, Captain De Hart, Colonel Bohlen, Lieutenant Thorn, Mr. Blanchard, and my own sense of duty, and I am determined, hereafter, to notice every serious offence of the above-mentioned nature. The American arms shall not be disgraced without the stigma falling on the guilty parties, if I can be instrumental in exposing them. It would be criminal in *me* to overlook these outrages, and, for the sake of our national honour, as well as for that of the United States Army, I shall not do so.

THE KIDNAPPING CASE.—The official report of the Columbus kidnapping case, published to-day, differs widely from the unofficial report published on Saturday. If we understand the decision, it affirms that under the Constitution of the United States, and the act of Congress of 1793, State Juices of the Peace are authorized to act in arresting fugitive slaves, and causing them to be returned to their masters. Now we suppose it has been repeatedly and correctly decided that the *United States* cannot confer *jurisdiction* on the courts of the *States*. If we are correct in this, how can Congress confer upon any *State* officer, as such, authority to execute the laws of the United States? The Constitution of the United States is silent on this subject. It merely declares that fugitives from labour shall be given up. The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that *State Legislation* on this subject is void because the States have no power.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

Communications.

Meetings in Western New-York.

WATERLOO, February, 1, 1847.

MY DEAR GAY: I must give you some account of my meetings for the last two or three weeks. After the annual meeting at Rochester, I visited Steuben county, and spent some six or eight days in holding meetings in Avoca, Clisbee's, Mud Creek, and Corning, returning to Bath from most of the meetings, and putting up with our friends, Elias Leonard and Henrietta Jane Platt. Their house is humanity's home for Steuben county. All the meetings were well attended. At Corning the meetings were exceedingly large. I held three in the Presbyterian church. My last appointment in the county was at Hammondsport, a village at the head of Crooked Lake. The coloured choir at Bath, composed of eight or ten persons, accompanied me to Hammondsport, a distance of eight miles, on a cold evening, over a very bad road. We arrived at Hammondsport, but the notice of the meeting had not reached there; so we were disappointed in having a meeting. But, a few friends assembled at the house of our friend, Joseph Shaut, and there the choir sung some of their melodious and soul-stiring pieces, and at nine o'clock we started for Bath. It is but justice to say, that this choir, composed of coloured persons, is the best in Bath, and said to be the best in Steuben county. My next appointment was at Penn Yan, the county seat for Yates county. This place is the residence of Henry Bradley, a gentleman who figured very conspicuously during the last election as candidate for Governor. I arrived at Penn Yan at half-past six o'clock in the evening, just in time to fulfil my appointment. This being Saturday evening, the meeting was small, it being also held in a small room. The next day, Sabbath, I attended meeting in the forenoon and afternoon in the Congregational church; understanding it to be an Anti-Slavery church. The minister's subject on both occasions was on the "declension of the Church," a very appropriate subject, in my opinion at least, for that church. That church being represented to me as Anti-Slavery, I expected to have obtained it for the evening meeting. A good friend, Myron Hamlin, made exertion to get it, but the pro-slavery spirit within could not allow a fugitive slave to plead for his down-trodden countrymen in their house. After refusing to let me lecture in their house, the minister, Mr. Hawley, gave notice that on the next evening they would hold their monthly concert to pray for the slave!

I thought to myself, that if Jesus had been upon the earth, and in that house, he would have said to them as he did to the Scribes and Pharisees, of old, "Wo unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites; for ye devour widows houses, and for a pretense make long prayers, therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation." And again, "Ye shall know them by their fruits." This church had gained quite an Anti-Slavery reputation in former years, under the preaching of the Rev. Mr. Minernone, of Syracuse. But I will say, that the Congregational church of Penn Yan, Yates county, N. Y. of which Henry Bradley is a prominent member, is as bigoted, sectarian, pro-slavery a church, as there is in the State of New-York. And yet this high priest of sectarianism has been stumping it through the State during the past fall, calling upon the Whigs and Democrats to leave their pro-slavery political parties and join him: while he remains in a church that shuts its doors against God's poor. I speak of Mr. Bradley because he was nominated by the Liberty party, and recommended by them to the Abolitionists of New-York as the slave's friend. Mr. Bradley happened into a meeting that my friend, Giles B. Stebbins and myself were holding at Farmington last winter, and when it come to my turn to speak, I very cordially extended an invitation to Mr. Bradley, who came forward and occupied the balance of the evening. But when I met him in his own village, and in his own church, he passed me by like the priest and Levite of old. A friend remarked that Mr. Bradley was the leader of the Abolitionists in their village. As an American slave, then, I said, "save me from my friends." The next day, Monday, I left Penn Yan for Geneva, thence

J. C. Hathaway, C. L. Remond, and myself, held a convention at Seneca Falls, which I think had a good effect. We go from here to West Winfield, Herkimer county, where our friends are to hold a fair on the 10th and 11th of February.

There was a mistake in the time for holding the Waterloo Fair, but the mistake was not yours. The Waterloo, as will be seen by the Standard, is to be held February 25th. I write this in the hospitable mansion of the McClintocks. They are working faithfully for the Waterloo Fair. You shall hear from us from West Winfield. Yours for the slave,

WM. W. BROWN.

Anti-Slavery Light.

WEST BROOKFIELD, Feb. 3, 1847.

FRIEND GAY.—My father, who is an officiating clergyman, in advanced age, is seeking light upon the feasibility and duty of abolishing American Slavery. He is very much embarrassed by the *religious* publications which he is not only obliged to take, but to co-operate with, or lose his caste with his fellow clergymen, and possibly his place in his parish. He quite recently handed to me for perusal the New-York Observer, of January 20th, containing the letter of Sydney E. Morse, upon American Slavery, thinking that I might get some light from it, or throw some light upon it, I know not which. After due perusal and reflection I wrote him the following letter. As your paper sometimes comes in contact with the readers of the Observer, I venture to submit the letter for publication at your discretion. J. M. F.

FEBRUARY 3, 1847.

DEAR SIR:—I have seen some intimations thrown out by Garrison and others of the moral turpitude of Sydney A. Morse. I had no expectation that the positive proof of their declarations would ever fall so directly before my eyes as you have been pleased to place it. I am somewhat at a loss to determine whether you left me his letter to read as a vindication of the pro-slavery position of the clergy, or as an intimation of your determination to cut the fellowship heretofore existing between you and them. If the latter, you want no better authority for so doing than the letter. I thank God anew for the way which he has led me. I rejoice exceedingly that I am delivered from such religious instructors; though in being delivered therefrom there is imposed upon me the arduous and painful duty of rendering nugatory and harmless all such apostates from the truth. I will do what I can. The whole letter seems too plain to me to admit of comment. It looks like a burlesque upon pro-slavery arguments and as though it would be harmless everywhere. But I know I am mistaken in that view. I am aware that thousands will swallow it for truth as a fish drinks water. What an apologist for Slavery! He would make an argument at the judgment seat of God in favour of the oppressor and against the oppressed—and what is his reward? He has it. The approbation of an ungodly world, of the slavocracy, and of a hypocritical Church.

There is one item in the letter of which I am incompetent to speak from actual information. That is of the benevolent people of Maryland, who have manumitted, "out of regard to Anti-Slavery principle," 62,000 blacks, worth, at his low estimate, £6,000,000. I do not believe it—neither, I trust, do you. But be it so. I rejoice that there is so much principle there. If it be true I believe Sydney E. Morse and his Observer will be held in detestation there. But admitting that all true, it is no argument for S. E. Morse, though it has a show of argument to superficial readers and to the badly educated in the plain and simple theory of unadulterated Christianity.

As a specimen of his perversions, I will call your attention to one item—which is, the compromises of the present Constitution of the United States upon the subject of abolishing the foreign slave-trade. He says: "Of the thirteen sovereign and independent States of America, eleven were ready for its immediate abolition, and only two, South Carolina and Georgia, withheld their consent. These two were finally prevailed upon by the rest to permit an article to be inserted in the new Constitution, conferring upon Congress the power to abolish the trade after a period of twenty years." Yes, I grant that the Constitution conferred upon Congress the power to abolish the slave-trade in twenty years. And I call upon all the admirers of Sydney E. Morse to admit, and to remember that these same eleven of the original States, acquiesced in the continuation of the slave-trade for twenty years, and thereby affixed a character to said Constitution which it still retains, and must retain while it exists. But does Sidney E. Morse relate that history as an honest man should? Was it the object of the framers of that Constitution to provide for the extinction of the slave-trade after twenty years, or to perpetuate the slave-trade for twenty years? What are the words of the Constitution? "The importation of such persons shall not be prohibited prior to the year one thousand eight hundred and eight;" not that after that day they may prohibit it. Incidentally the act did confer the power to abolish it after that day; and it being ascertained that enough were imported for breeders, it was found expedient to prohibit the further importation. Have I not as good right to say that the act was passed for the purpose of enabling this nation to put itself in competition with Africa for the rearing of human beings for the market, as Sydney E. Morse has to convey to his readers the impression that this was a great Anti-Slavery movement which has resulted in good to the nation and to humanity? Let candor and the sequel answer.

Of this character I consider his letter, and worse. For the organ and leader of a great religious sect, to harp so ostentatiously upon the stale, thread-bare, slavocratic expense of the introduction of Slavery into this nation by the mother-country as an apology for its continuance and as an expedient for perpetuating it, is beyond the patient endurance of any one having any claim to the possession of Anti-Slavery principles.

Against all hope of operating favourably upon your mind in consequence of your position and associations, I forward with your Observer a Liberator which I have begged for your special benefit. Will you please to read the speech of Wm. Lloyd Garrison on the 1st page, delivered in Brighton St. Chapel, Scotland, and also the letter of Thomas Dick, on the 3d page, and as much more of the paper as you can borrow time from the perusal of the Observer, which I am constrained to say, with all due deference to your preferences, that my observation has led me to believe is as thoroughly calculated to misguide and lead astray the inquirer after God's truth as any other paper in the land, save the Methodist Olive Branch.

Affectionately your Son,

J. M. F.

Wm. Goodell on the Constitution.

MR. EDITOR: I perceive you give me great credit for "*modesty*" and "*prudence*," because I published my strictures on Wendell Phillips's Review of my pamphlet, in the Albany Patriot, a paper which, you say, you do not see. You give me too much credit. I supposed you exchanged with the Patriot, and would see what I wrote, and copy any part of it *if you chose*. I directed copies sent to Mr. Phillips, and have since requested copies sent to you, which I trust you will have received.* The Liberator, too, marvels that I should have published in the Patriot, rather than the Standard, yet I do not perceive that it *copies* any part of my writings. I am quite too "interminable" for Mr. Garrison's taste, as he anticipated, before hand. Of this I was well aware when I commenced writing, and could not presume that the Standard could afford me the room I knew I should need, in order to do any justice to my own views of the subject. I did not believe that any man, not even Mr. Phillips himself, could properly dispatch such a subject, in the brief space he devoted to it. But his paragraphs served me as texts, to comment upon at my leisure, and exhibit, in the contrast, what I believe to be truth; just as the Liberator and Standard very properly occupy columns and pages in spreading out the facts concerning the pro-slavery position of the American ministers and churches, in reply to a brief, flippant paragraph of some American clergyman in England, affirming the contrary. I wrote for the Patriot because it circulated in the region I wished to reach, and because it is the paper I am accustomed to write for, upon such subjects, just as Mr. Phillips writes for the Standard; and I might follow your example if I chose, and compliment *his* "modesty" and "prudence" in not meeting me before *my* readers and on *my* field.

But if you are desirous of showing your readers a specimen of what may be said on the other side of the question, I can accommodate you within the space occupied by Mr. Phillips, if you say so.

And let me tell your readers, in the first place, that the grammatical criticism, (in my pamphlet,) of the clause of the Constitution concerning "persons held to service or labour," with which Mr. Phillips (and the editors of the New-York Observer, who copy him) have made themselves so merry, as with a specimen of the "pure ignorance" of William Goodell, and of something worse in Alvan Stewart, was a criticism *first* made by JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, in his place, on the floor of Congress, declaring that the grammatical sense of the paragraph was the opposite of what he considered its probable intention. When I wrote my pamphlet, I had forgotten, if I had ever known, that this current witticism of the clause was original with Mr. Adams, or I would have given him credit for it, but I have good reason to think that Mr. Phillips was aware of it, and will probably admit that Mr. Adams, whatever may have been his "previous reputation" for law knowledge, has the credit of some literary acquirements, or at least may be presumed to be as well skilled in the grammar of his mother-tongue as Messrs. Wendell Phillips and Sydney E. Morse. However this may be, or whatever verdict the literati may render on the question at issue, I must content myself to share the reproach of "ignorance," in company with John Quincy Adams.

I have occupied considerable space in the Patriot, in exposing the misrepresentations Mr. Phillips makes of my arguments. The best excuse I can make for him, is the very lame one, that (according to his own statements) he had but hastily glanced at different parts of my pamphlet, catching at a paragraph here and another there, without giving it a thorough and connected perusal. He treats the whole with too much contempt and levity to be either a candid or an intelligent reviewer.

He represents me as first maintaining the doctrine of *strict* construction, and then abandoning it in favour of a construction by its main scope, object, and "*spirit*." Every reader of my pamphlet knows that this is unfounded. In order to meet my opponents, who intermingle, improperly, these two modes of construction, I first examined the Constitution by the principle of strict construction, upon which *they* chiefly rely, and showed that, even upon that principle (which I did not approve) their argument could not be maintained. Then I went back, and examined the document by its avowed objects, and manifest spirit, showing that upon this principle of construction, likewise, the result was in favour of my position, instead of theirs.

In like manner Mr. Phillips represents me as having first laid down the doctrine that the "intentions of the framers" of the Constitution does not determine its proper meaning, unless they accorded with the understanding and intentions of the people who adopted it, and then he represents me as setting aside this just rule of construction, (as Mr. P. admits to be,) and appealing to the "intentions of the framers." This is incorrect. The former position I *did* take, but the latter I did *not* take. I only met my opponents, who are forever citing "the Madison Papers," (to prove "the intentions of the framers,") upon their own ground, for the argument's sake, and I proved that even upon *that* principle of exposition, the testimony of the Madison Papers, in respect to the meaning of the word "service," was against them.

And again; Mr. Phillips represents me as first insisting that the slave is not a person, and then, in another part of my work, where it suited my purpose, reversing this, and affirming the personality of the slave. Every intelligent and reflecting *reader* of my pamphlet will see that this is also incorrect. I did indeed insist that the *slave code* denies the personality of the slave, (as Abolitionists have always affirmed,) and I denied, therefore, that the claimant of a slave *under* that code, which denies the personality of a slave, could have any legal and valid claim, under the Constitution, upon "the service or labour" of one whom the Constitution of the United States designated as a *person*. It was in strict accordance with this view, and not in opposition to it, that I maintained that the United States Constitution, which knows no slaves, considers all the victims of Southern oppression "persons," and not slaves. And therefore I claimed for their benefit the provisions of the clause, "No person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law." Mr. Phillipps forgets that I deny the identity of the slave code with the Constitution of the United States, and he founds his criticism upon an assumption of the very question in debate.

In citing the opinions of eminent Jurists and Statesmen, to the point that the Constitution recognizes the binding force of the Common law, (which Mr. Phillips admits to be the death-warrant of Slavery,) I found it convenient to copy their words from "Weld's Power of Congress over the District of Columbia." Mr. Phillips does not let his readers know the testimony nor even the names of the witnesses thus cited by me, but represents me as bringing no evidence but the "opinion of Mr. Theodore D. Weld"!

Mr. Phillips notices the fact that I appealed often to Webster's dictionary for definitions of doubtful or disputed terms, and thereupon represents me as "carefully eschewing" the same authority, because I did not refer to it for a definition of the word "*due*," which I did not suppose needed any definition, having never heard any dispute about its meaning, in the Constitution! Did he suppose I was bound to cite Webster's definition of *every* word in the Constitution, because I resorted to it for a definition when one was needed. But Mr. Phillips himself undertakes to give us Webster's definition of the word "due," and I have shown in the Patriot, that he "carefully eschewed" a very important part of it, breaking off the definition in the middle of a sentence, so that the reader was not shown the *nature and character* of that "law and custom" by which, according to Webster, *dues* may be required! Turn to Webster's dictionary, and see for yourself. "*Due*—That which law or custom requires, [AS toll, tribute, fees of office, or *other* legal perquisites."] That is, such demands as may be supposed to have an equitable foundation. The part of Webster's definition in brackets, Mr. Phillips has "carefully eschewed." And if he had consulted Webster, for the meaning of "custom," he might have read—"In law, long established practice, or usage, which constitutes the unwritten law; and *long consent* to which, gives it authority." Before Mr. Phillips can have Webster's authority for saying that "service and labour" are "due" from the slaves, on the score of "custom," he must prove the "long consent" of the enslaved. And the editor can copy here, if he wishes to do so, the definitions of "custom," which I cited in my pamphlet, from Littleton, Coke, and Noyes, showing that "customs" not founded on *reason*, have no legal power.—[See Albany Patriot, December 23.

And because I had said that there was *legally* no "service due" to the master from the slave, since he had made and could make no "contract," Mr. Phillips amuses himself by representing me as holding that no service could be *morally* due to God from mankind, unless they had entered into a "contract" to perform it! I was talking of *legal* dues! What had that to do with *moral* dues, if, according to Mr. Phillips, it be an "absurdity to introduce *moral* considerations "into the arena of civil law"? And even if it were otherwise, does Mr. P. seriously put the claims of the master for the "service" of the slave, upon the same *moral* footing with the claims of God upon the services of mankind? If not, what but a paltry quibble, (not worthy to be dignified with the name of "*legal* quibble,") can be made of his criticism?

I had, in my pamphlet, made quotations from Jefferson and Madison, touching their definitions of "a republican form of Government," such as is guaranteed "by the United States, to every State in this Union!" This I did, for the purpose of showing that *such* "a republican form of Government" could not tolerate Slavery. These declarations, particularly that of Mr. Madison, *denied explicitly*, the character of a republic to such Governments as those of Venice, Holland, England, Poland, Genoa, &c. where was witnessed a "government of a few nobles," or "monarchy in its worst forms." Mr. Madison had said, in the "Federalist," while the question of adopting the Constitution was pending, that the people could not and would not adopt it, if the republicanism it proposed were of *such* a character and stamp. These facts Mr. Phillips carefully conceals from his readers. He insists, in flat contradiction to Mr. Madison, that the "*republican*" character of our Constitution is the same as that of Venice, &c. admitting "a government of a few nobles," or "monarchy in its worst forms!" Not content with this, he so shapes his paragraphs as to give the impression, that *his* definition of a Republican Government is, in the main, in accordance with Mr. Madison's! "The framers of the Constitution clearly meant to use the words in the general sense, common, as AS MR. MADISON SAYS, to political disquisitions," &c. (in which Venice, &c. had been, "with impropriety"—says Mr. Madison, "placed on the list of republics." "*As Mr. Madison says?*" Mr. Madison said no such thing, but exactly and emphatically the reverse!

Another gross misrepresentation of Mr. Phillips is this: He makes me so stupid as to set forth what the Constitution *ought* to have been, thence inferring that it *is*, of necessity, what it ought to be! Because I said there could be no valid law, which was contrary to God's will, he will have it that I said this for the purpose of inferring that the Constitution of the United States is in accordance with God's will! Very possibly I put that sentiment to a somewhat different use from what Mr. Phillips supposes I did! If he could so far compromise the dignity of his "previous reputation" for law knowledge, as to read attentively, the work of one whom he regards so "ludicrously incompetent," before he undertakes to review it, he might, perhaps, be able to comprehend the object of giving such thoughts a place, in an argument like mine, or in Mr. Spooner's, where, substantially, the same sentiments are embodied.

If the Constitution of 1789 was so plainly and palpably pro-slavery, upon the very face of it, that no dispute could arise, then there would be no occasion to look any further for the *date* by which its meaning was to *be tested*. But, among Abolitionists, this cannot be seriously alleged. Weld's "Power of Congress over the District," strongly setting forth the general Anti-Slavery character of the Constitution, and particularly its essential unity, in its spirit and preamble with the Declaration of Independence, and the maxims of Common law, (admitted by Mr. Phillips to be incompatible with Slavery,) was a work highly approved by Abolitionists in general. N. P. Rogers, Samuel J. May, C. C. Burleigh, Stephen S. Foster, and Abby Kelley, have all, if I mistake not, maintained, in times past, the Anti-Slavery character of the Constitution. Even now, Mr. Phillips admits that "the framers" "were ashamed" to use the words "slave and slavery"—in other words, "ashamed" to let the people know that they *did* intend to support Slavery—so that if the *people's* intention instead of that of "the framers" is to give character to the Constitution, (as Mr. Phillips admits it should,) we might be excused for thinking that the Constitution does not sustain Slavery. At all events, it must be admitted to be a disputable and a disputed question.

And *if* so, we may properly look out of the Constitution, since our opponents do so, in searching for the criterion by which it is to be tested. The claim, as I understand it, is, *not* that the Constitution *created* Slavery, but that it *recognized* the slavery previously existing. But if that supposed previous existence of legal Slavery should turn out to be a delusion, what becomes of the supposed, but *not* explicit, constitutional recognition of it? And in deciding whether or no there were any such *legal* slavery, at the time the Constitution was adopted, it might be convenient, among other things, to know something about the nature of law itself, and whether or no there be any valid law which is not in accordance with equity. If the sentiment urged on that point be correct, if it be a sentiment sanctioned by our highest judicial tribunals—if it be interwoven into the very texture of all scientific jurisprudence—if it forms the very basis of the Common law, giving its validity to *all* law, whether written or unwritten, if this same Common law, (including the sentiment I advanced,) lies, *historically*, at the basis of all our institutions,—if our fathers gloried in having brought it with them, as their patrimony to this country—if the Declaration of our National Independence was, in fact, a recognition, a repetition, and a solemn constitutional enactment of *it*, an enactment by all the thirteen States, and never since repealed—if it therefore, forms, at this moment, the very core and pith of American constitutional law—why then, in this case, the bearing of all this, upon the question whether there *was* any legal slavery *to be* recognized by the Federal Constitution, in 1789—as well as upon the question, *what construction* is to be put upon that instrument, into which the drafters *did* not, because (according to Mr. Phillips) they *dared* not, introduce the words slave or slavery, becomes of *some* significancy and importance after all.

If such be the facts, the sentiment that there can be no valid law contrary to equity, and justice, and the divine will, *had its place*, as one link in the chain of *one* of my arguments, though it was *not* adduced for the purpose that Mr. Phillips represents. And let me tell him that if he wishes to overthrow my argument, he must not shrink from looking it in the face—the *whole of it*. He must read it all—and understand it all—and answer it all. At least he must not omit to notice the main links in the chain, and the manner in which they are put together. To half read, *not* half comprehend, distort, mis-state, and misrepresent my pamphlet, will not answer or confute it.

WM. GOODELL.

HONEOYE, Ontario co. N. Y.
January 19, 1847.

* We have received a single copy only.—ED.

The Anti-Slavery Standard

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, FEB. 11, 1847.

Moral Suasion—A New England Village.

We find in the Worcester Spy an article on the Temperance Reformation in New Braintree, from which we make an extract, commending it to the serious attention of our readers. We wish we could bring it before the many thousands of the country who are interested in reform, but who have no faith in moral suasion;—people who believe in what they are pleased to call *legal* suasion, as if there were anything particularly persuasive in the iron clutches of the law;—the people who believe that the salvation of the human race is in the ballot-box, though some of the shrewdest of them sometimes, lest their fellows should really get to believe their assertions of the essentially high character of that instrumentality, will hint that it does not so much differ from the cartridge-box. This example of New Braintree might perhaps lead such persons to believe that after all the power that makes the law, is greater than the law itself, and the power that leads to the right use of the ballot-box of more consequence than the ballot-box. That law and the ballot-box are good things in themselves, we do not mean to deny. We even affirm that they are better things than they are believed to be, and have a yet higher use than they have yet been put to, and that man must unlearn that spirit which loves and leads to the cartridge-box, and all the forceful evils that it represents, ere he will learn how the law and the ballot-box are to be rightly used.

But we do not mean to preach a homily. Our purpose is to ask the consideration of our temperance friends especially to this *fixed fact* of the triumph of moral suasion in New Braintree. The excise law of this State never has done and never can do such a work. The law which is exercised over men's reasons and consciences, will abolish the use of and the traffic in intoxicating drinks, and not the law which takes money out of their pockets or puts their bodies into jail:

A desire on the part of some of the principal citizens, to instil into the minds of all classes in their little community, feelings of self-repect and love for their native place, induced them to propose an annual temperance festival, when the people, en masse, might come together upon equal footing, and in a social manner, with the aid of songs, sentiments, and speeches, renew their attachment to, and strengthen and encourage each other in the love of, order and sobriety; on these occasions, also, those whom business had called to other places were invited to return home and join in the festivities.

To effect their object, it was necessary that alcohol should be banished from their boards; *but they used neither justice's warrants, nor bills of indictment, nor ejectment. No man's misdeeds were visited with the terrors of the law.* They recognized only one principle of action and that was "the greatest good to the greatest number." Their efforts were successful. Nothing which intoxicates can now be had there; and these annual festivals commemorate the moral victory which has purified their community from the blighting miasma of rum. Neither the rich nor the poor, the high nor the low, are known on these occasions; nor are seats reserved for guests distinguished for aught save their years that make them venerable.

The picture is a pleasant one apart from the moral lesson it teaches, and for which we quote the extract. We shall be pardoned for a word or two further upon New Braintree.

It is a pleasant and beautiful village, up among the hills of Worcester county, Mass. and has long been known and celebrated for the goodness of its cheese, and its people. The former especially, is much admired in Boston. From a boy, we had heard of New Braintree from one who once visited it, and found in its peacefulness and beauty, and the simplicity, intelligence, the high-toned morality of its people, and their seclusion from the turmoils and the vices of the world, the realization of his dream of a happy village. On an Anti-Slavery tour in Worcester county, it was our good fortune to attend a Convention there. It was a visit to be remembered, as Dr. Hudson, and A. K. Foster, and Wendell Phillips will bear us witness. We had not expected a very large or interesting meeting. Anti-Slavery was then a thing hardly known in some of the bye-corners of Worcester county, notwithstanding West Brookfield, with its faithfull band, is in the very heart of it. There was a tradition in New Braintree, that sometime in the dim past, an Anti-Slavery lecture had been delivered there, but that was all all that we could learn of it. We could only suppose that all that was known there of the cause of the Abolitionists would not be much to their advantage; that Rumour, who has been so actively engaged on their account, for the last fifteen years, must have spread in New Braintree, as she has everywhere else almost, some very ugly stories about them; and that the good people of the peaceful village which we loved for the sake of him who had invested it in our imagination with a poetical beauty, would look upon the advent of our company as an invasion of fanatics and infidels, come not to build up but destroy. But either the people had never heard anything against the cause, or else they were determined, in the spirit of the injunction "to prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good," to judge for themselves what it was that these advocates for freedom to the slave were aiming at. We were an hour or two behind our appointment, for we made no haste to reach a place where we expected to be so unwelcome that none would take the trouble to come and listen to us. But as we entered the village, we observed the sheds around the meeting-house, and the tavern,—which, in accordance with the universal, but inexplicable custom of all New England towns, are close together,—were filled with vehicles of every description. Some town or parish meeting, we thought, must be in session, and our chance for a hearing was by so much lessened. That such a turn-out was in our honour, we never dreamed. The landlord met us at the tavern-door, with a civility and alacrity which we were sure would vanish when we told him our business. But it was because he knew us that he met us as he did. The *people*, he said, were waiting for us, and none but lecturing agents can fully sympathize in our feelings of surprise and pleasure, when we entered a hall crowded with the people of all ages, from the old gray-haired men to the young children, who were patiently waiting the coming of the lecturers. It was a holyday in New Braintree. The schools were closed, that teachers and taught might learn this new lesson The shopkeepers, perhaps from lack of customers, had left their counters. And the farmers, and the farmers' wives, had left their cows and their dairies, and bundled into the family-wagon, with all their families, to go to the Convention. And the minister, a good old man, notwithstanding he belonged to the "Brotherhood," as we took occasion to prove to him, led his flock to the ministrations of the come-outers. For three days we staid there, and the doctrine of Anti-Slavery was preached in all its fulness. Of course, we were opposed by many, and some were angry, and some disgusted at the heterodox notions which the people were called upon to listen to and to believe. Especially were many scandalized, when our good friend, the Doctor, warned them that one of the lambs from the pastor's flock was about to be stolen for a wife, by a Southern man who was worse than a sheep-thief, inasmuch as he held his brother-man as a slave. Nevertheless, the interest continued almost unabated to the end, and we will venture to say that not yet is forgotten in quiet and peace-loving New Braintree, the stirring tones of Abby Kelley's voice, the mild and winning eloquence of Phillips, and the audacious and uncompromising bearing of Hudson.

We had no intention when we began, of telling so long a story. But since we commenced this present writing, the letter of our esteemed friend, Col. Fiske, who accompanied the lecturers, and to whom, more than any one else, is owing the good that we hope was done on that tour, has been received. His father is the minister of New Braintree. That the venerable man is still seeking for Anti-Slavery truth, we may hope is one of the results of that Convention. And though he is somewhat long in finding it, it is a good sign that he still believes in the necessity of the search. At any rate, whatever may have been the remote cause of the letter, the result has been to remind us of one of the pleasantest incidents in all our Anti-Slavery travels. New Braintree ought to be a banner town in the Anti-Slavery cause, as it is in that of temperance. A people so free from guile and worldly-mindedness, so distinguished among their neighbours for habits of temperance and all social virtues, should exercise an influence which should be widely and deeply felt in the greatest and best cause of our day. At some future time we hope that we may have to say of it that there is the same unanimity among its people, and the same clear knowledge of what the Anti-Slavery cause demands of them; as the above extract shows there now is in the cause of temperance.

Congress—Peace.

The great question now in agitation in Congress, is a proposed appropriation of $3,000,000 for the President to conclude a peace with Mexico. There seems to be an indisposition to trust the Chief Magistrate with so much money. It strikes us, however, that the chance of a peace is worth $3,000,000, when the certainty of war brings with it a yearly expenditure of $50,000,000. The evils and horrors of war, the sorrow, the suffering, and the wickedness, of which it is at once made up and the cause, are not to be taken into the account. The *money* view is the only American way to look at it. Will it pay? is the first principle of the national morality.—Congress, however, is doing one good thing—they keep talking; and in the present state of things, they can talk of nothing but Slavery. Messrs. Root, of Ohio, Severance of Maine, Delano, of Ohio, and others, have been delivering some capital Anti-Slavery lectures during the last week. All this is good and hopeful, and although the Wilmot proviso will get the go-by, and the South *will* have slave territory, or the North shall have none, the signs of the times are as "well as could be expected." The time itself is pregnant with a most momentous future.

Relief to Ireland.

Harnden & Co. No. 6, Wall street, advertise that they will receive, and forward, and distribute gratuitously through their various agents in Ireland, any donations, whether of money or provisions, that may be made for the suffering people of that country. We trust that their praiseworthy conduct may be imitated by others.

The Mayor of this city remitted to Dublin by the packet of the 1st instant, the sum of eight hundred dollars.

Paterson, New Jersey, has sent five hundred and seventy-five dollars to Father Mathew for distribution.

The Society of Friends composing the monthly meeting of Rahway and Plainfield are about making a remittance to the Dublin Committee of Friends.

They (Æthiopian minstrels) sing one or two simple, pathetic songs, such as Lucy Neal, which, *though of negro origin*, seem to come from the very heart of Nature. *Tribune, City Items.*

Does the "Items" man mean that nothing of negro origin can come from the heart of nature? Or does the divine unity, of which he is so distinguished an apostle, only include, like American Constitutions, all "*white male citizens.*" If we may venture to differ, we would take the liberty of asserting that no music has ever been composed on this side of the globe at all equal to that of the negroes, and that nothing approaches it, except some of the airs of the Methodists. The slaves of the Southern plantations have given to the United States all the national music they have.

OHIO BLACK LAWS.—The House of Representatives of Ohio have passed a bill submitting to the people the question of the repeal of the infamous Black Laws of that State.

THE "STREAK LETTER."—The Liberator of last week contains letters from two gentlemen in Ohio, on the subject of the "streak letter." One of them is from the person who in the first place communicated to Mr. Garrison the fact that such a letter was in existence. We challenged the

breadth, depth of hold two inches, and, as an Irishman would say, "tonned" about ten pounds. The boilers were heated by means of spirits of wine, and in every respect the machinery was perfect. The maker of this is a very intelligent negro, who for some time past has been engaged in the up-river trade. Only think of it—a man carrying a steamboat, all fired up, under his arm! In the Quartermaster's office, where it was exhibited, all were delighted.

STEPHEN S. FOSTER writes to the Liberator a calm and simple statement of facts in relation to the drag-out with which the very Rev. Joshua Leavitt, and other third party divines, indulged themselves at the Tremont Chapel. Mr. Foster shows that he was perfectly in order in rising in that religious—eminently religious—Convention, and leads his readers to the inevitable conclusion that a greater outrage upon the freedom of speech was never committed than by these sanctified pretenders to the name of Christian and Abolitionist.

AN APOLOGY.—The Austrian Government calls the act of taking Cracow an "incorporation." For the future, thieves should say when they are taken up for stealing a pocket-handkerchief, "Why, my lord, I merely incorporated it."—*Punch*.

Annexed, is the word in this country.

☞ The Supreme Court, recently in session at Albany, granted a new trial to Freeman, who, it will be remembered, was convicted of the murder of the Van Nest family at Auburn. It is through the efforts of Gov. Seward that this result has been obtained.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—Accounts from Albany relating to this subject, are of the most cheering character. It is confidently believed that a large portion of those composing the Legislature of New-York are ready to act promptly could the views of the people at large be understood. How shall this be done? Answer;—Let every person in the State, male and female, sign a petition forthwith for the abolition of the Gallows. Don't delay.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

From our Parisian Correspondent.

PARIS, December 28, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I have allowed your letter of 8th September to remain unacknowledged, because I have hoped that I might send a reply in the form which you would regard most acceptable,—a letter for the Standard. However, I find myself as little provided with the right sort of materials as ever, as far as events on this side of the water are concerned; but your accounts in the Standard of the proceedings in the case of George Kirk, have so made my heart burn within me, and roused to such a degree a sympathy in the excitement you must have felt, that I send you a line, if it be only as a word of cheering. I cannot send you news of what is doing here in the same cause,—for in this wilderness of men I have not yet obtained a glimpse of the efforts which may be in progress. The meetings of a society are not here as with you and in England, announced by large notices inviting the public to attend. Very few societies exist, and those hold their sessions without public announcements. I cannot send you any very accurate account of the state of political or social affairs, for I have not the time necessary to keep myself informed of them. It would not interest you, either, to know what happens to myself, for my appropriate sphere would not present much that is entertaining, especially as I am not at present disposing of every malady on the one-cure principle:—and out of this sphere I very seldom can wander; there are too many attractions to keep me within it. I am in the "student's quarter," a territory having a life of its own, entirely distinct from that of the other districts of this immense city; and it is so far from one part of the Capital to another, that one cannot well serve the two masters, amusements and study. He must relinquish for the most part, either the one or the other. It is seldom, therefore, that I experience an event, either concerning myself or others, and as for descriptions of what I *have* seen, it would be better to cut a few leaves from the guide book than to furnish you with mine. It would be different if I were travelling, for then scenes would change, and I could give you my impressions.

Since my arrival in this country, I have found far more things in which the contrast was agreeable, than those which have suffered from a comparison with the customs and institutions of the United States; and except for the reason that habit has rendered many little circumstances agreeable, which are altered here, I should think France quite as desirable a residence as Republican America. But I am beginning to feel the force of the word *home*; and though in climate, in opportunities for improvement, or pleasure, and even perhaps in government, this country is preferable, yet this word home, is a description of a class of enjoyments which are not understood here. There is no similar word, I believe, in the French language. The life of the people is one in the open air, and they do not at all know the pleasures of the fireside.

There is one point on which I think you have a wrong impression. From sundry items I have noticed in the Standard, one would suppose that riots, on account of the high price of bread, were of almost daily occurrence. This is certainly an error,—there has been but one disturbance that I know of, and that happened on this wise. The price of bread is regulated once a month by the Government, (which regulates nearly everything,) and on the day preceding one of those when the price is fixed, certain bakers, understanding that the price would be a little higher the next morning, closed their shops and refused to sell, that they might obtain a slight additional profit the next day. According to some statements they were instigated to the action by some of the parties who hope to find an advantage in popular disturbances. The result was that the people of the Quartier St. Antoine, deprived of their accustomed supply, and not understanding the reason of the proceeding of the bakers, behaved, naturally enough, in rather a riotous manner, broke some hundreds of windows, and severely beat a soldier of the Municipal Guard, who ventured, single-handed, to oppose their violence. The reign of order, however, was soon restored, and I think it would be difficult to create anything more than a very temporary disorder; for the mass of the people appear satisfied that any political change would be far more likely to create a state of things much less desirable than that now existing. There will always be two classes in favour of revolution,—those who hope to gain some advantage from the creation of tumult, or from the establishment of a different order of things, and those who, having no personal interest to be affected by the maintenance or subversion of a Government, become the ready tools of the first class. Nearly every one, however, appears to be of the opinion that the experiment of another revolution would be extremely hazardous.

As for the price of bread, it is about four cents a pound for the first quality, and three cents for the second, which is not quite as white but is equal in other respects to the first. These prices are much higher than the average here, but are by no means, as you will perceive, the rates of famine.

The marriage of the Duke of Montpensier has made much excitement in England; and has been talked of here, but principally on account of the opposition made to it by the English Cabinet. There were no public rejoicings here on the occasion, as it happened after the fearful inundations in the Valley of the Loire, and the King was not willing that the fêtes should take place in the midst of the public calamity.

I visited this same valley in September, during the season of the vintage, and was able to understand, on reading the descriptions, what must have been the desolation wrought in the places I had visited. The river, which in September was dwindled by the heat and drought of a long summer, is said to have risen twenty feet in a single night; bridges of stone which had grown grey amidst the attacks of many a flood, and which seemed to vie in firmness with the hills, were crumbled by the torrent; and bursting in several places the levées which lined its banks, the waters rushed suddenly forth, obliging the inhabitants of many parts of the vale to retire precipitately to the upper stories and roofs of their houses, and drowning many before they could attain a refuge. A diligence was overtaken on its route, and swept away with its passengers, some only escaping by clinging to a tree.

We have had some cold weather and some snow at Paris, during December, and I have been quite as uncomfortable as in much severer weather at home, for the immense stone walls serve to render the rooms chill and humid, and the work of carpenters is very negligently fitted, large crevices in the frames of windows, and doors assuring a sufficient ventilation. Wood too is sold by the pound: a very unpleasant circumstance. The price is sixty cents for a hundred pounds; and the poor must suffer more from cold than from the price of bread. However, the grass and many plants are yet green and flourishing in the gardens, and I actually saw the labourers cutting some grass at the garden of Plants, the day before Christmas. That garden is even now beautiful, the great number of evergreen trees, conspicuous among which is a beautiful and immense Cedar of Lebanon, rendering very incomplete the desolation which winter has created; but in summer it is a veritable paradise.

I ought to apologize for so rambling a letter, but I will trust it may be received as an expression of friendly remembrance, and not judged as to its intrinsic merits.

I remain, very truly, yours,

W.

Letter from England.

MY DEAR SIR:—Since I last had this pleasure we have held meetings in most of the principal towns of Lancashire, and have just concluded several most important and deeply interesting meetings in Newcastle, Sunderland, and Hexham. Newcastle is the place where Mr. Marsh, of your city, stated that slaveholders in the Southern States were liable to be put in the penitentiary for liberating their slaves. We have taken care to undeceive the people on this point. I cannot help thinking that it would be impossible for any future delegation from America to practice on the credulity of the people here with any degree of success, and they assuredly would not have succeeded recently but for the general ignorance which then prevailed on this subject. We trust if they come again they will not appear in our midst with a lie in their right hand. Let them come prepared to do justice to the slave, and they shall be always welcome. But with all the evils and errors of this country which are indeed gigantic, it cannot be said that we love duplicity. I am ashamed, thoroughly ashamed, when I think of men professing to follow the footsteps of the Redeemer misleading the people by misrepresentation, and sacrificing the cause of bleeding, suffering humanity, to their own worldly interests. How unlike the meek and lowly Jesus! I will venture to say, had they proved faithful to the slave they would have secured the friendship of those whose friendship they seemed anxious to cultivate, and that of multitudes beside. As it is multitudes despise them, and even those who for a time cling to them here will eventually cast them off. Indeed, have they not practically done so already? Look at the Manchester resolution, which, although not what it ought to be, is surely a practical renunciation of this communion. I deeply regret that the London Conference broke up without a testimony. It would have had a tenfold influence in favour of the slave. I must, however, assume that the Americans had interests at stake on the transatlantic Continent more dear to them than either the cause of the slave or the friendship of Great Britain. Their worldly interests were of too much importance in their eyes. May God give them repentance to the acknowledgment of their sin, and may they, ere it is too late, renounce the tyrant and embrace his victim.

Slavery is not a mere glittering kind of oppression. It is something which deepens in guilt, darkens in hue, is more hideous in form, more bitter in essence, and appalling in consequences the more it is inspected. Unite the ferocity of the lion, the venom of the serpent, the snarling of the wolf, the ugliness of the hyena, and the selfishness of the bear, and you have a faint impersonation of the monster. It never sleeps; its vigilance is untiring. Like the fell dragon it goes forth crushing human hopes and tearing human hearts. It is horrible as death. No considerations prevail to stay its devouring jaws. It never pauses; it never sheds a tear; never felt a pang for human woes. Before its pestilential breath the sons and daughters of Africa perish. They droop, and fall, and die. Infants in helplessness, youths in buoyancy, manhood in its prime, ear consumed by this insatiate monster.

"Black it stands as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell."

Physical weapons avail not to destroy it; it is a spirit, a subtle, malignant, ubiquitous spirit. It is not, however, beyond our reach. Pour light upon it and you blind it; assail it with truth and you confound it; pierce it with the sword of the Spirit and it writhes; let the trumpet of jubilee sound and it faints; let men be men and Christians be Christians and it will die. Now then, let us be up and to the battle—let Americans do their duty; and let Britains do theirs. Parley not with the foe, but press on. Let us scatter information on the condition of the slave, the character of the slaveholders, the cause that uphold the infamous system, and the means of its overthrow. Let us not be weary in well doing, but patient and persevering, knowing that we shall reap if we faint not.

Yours, very sincerely,

R. SMITH.

NEWCASTLE, January 2, 1847.

Notes on New Books.

Oration delivered before the New England Society in the city of New-York, December 22, 1846. By Charles W. Upham. Published by John S. Taylor: 1847.

Although we cannot boast of being a Mayflower bird, we are by no means indifferent to the honour of our Pilgrim-descent. Our ancestors landed in Plymouth only two years after Miles Standish and his companions, yet we have never felt that degree of Pilgrim-pride necessary to enable us to go patiently through with the solemnities of forefather's day in this city. To sit during two or three hours in some Presbyterian church, listening to an oration from a New England notability on New England virtues, and then to march in solemn procession to some hotel, and after trying to be comfortable over a five-dollar dinner, to listen eight or ten hours to complimentary toasts and speeches on the same subject, is an undertaking that we have never yet thought we were equal to. But we have read one or two of the orations delivered on these solemn occasions, from a sense of duty, or perhaps from an unsuspected *amor patriæ*. The latter feeling has not been much increased or gratified from the oration of Mr. Upham. Indeed, we did not believe that so dull a lecture on so moving a subject could have been delivered by a New Englander. The orator either purposely avoided infusing any particular meaning into his performance, or the occasion had no meaning to him, and he poured out his words without reference to anything in particular. It is not unlikely that he was troubled with a fear of giving offence, a strange fear for one who boasts of his descent from a race the most reckless of all others in this respect, and wisely concluded if he said nothing, that nothing could come of it. But the orator knew his audience, and with the feather of his eloquence tickled their organs of approbativeness, something after the manner in which the Jew Fagan complimented his pupils on their dexterity of picking a pocket:

It was not a mere personal boast (says the orator) but the authentic and genuine utterance of this unconquerable and all-conquering spirit of individual enterprise and energy, when, a short time since, a distinguished merchant, himself a most signal illustration, in his history and fortune, of the power of such a spirit to command wealth and influence, in an argument on the protective policy of the country, speaking in the name of the industry of New England, said to the national legislators, "alter, reduce, destroy the tariff; pass whatever laws you may, adopt whatever policy you choose, we *will make money*."

Yes, we *will make money*. And having dilated at sufficient length on this distinguishing trait of New Englanders, and enjoined those before whom he was preaching, not to forget the principles of their forefathers, he reminds them of another Pilgrim-principle, which he places in juxtaposition to the prime one of all:

Another feature in the character of the Pilgrim Fathers, to which I wish particularly to turn your attention, (says the orator), is their trust in an overruling and co-operating Providence. In their records, journals, and other writings, no sentiment has greater prominence than this. It was an abiding and a practical principle. It imparted habitual contentment, gratitude, courage, patience, and assurance of ultimate success. In the greater part of their number, it was not a mere speculative faith, but a personal experience.

Yes, we will make money; and by the aid of a co-operating Providence, too. But whether or no, we will make money. We only regret that Mr. John H. Pearson, and the elders of the Rev. Mr. Fosdick's church, were not present to respond to the litany of the Pilgrim-worship: "WE WILL MAKE MONEY," and we will co-operate with Providence.

Mr. Upham is so entirely a Pilgrim that he will rely upon the co-operations of Providence in everything, and he administers this gentle rebuke to the fanatics of the day, for daring to act in their own strength, instead, we suppose he means, of employing prayer and powder after the good old fashion:

It is, I think, the great error and fault of our times and country, that but little reliance is placed on the overruling and co-operating agency of God, and but little room allowed for it in the calculations and projects of men. The philanthropists and reformers of the age, especially, seem to be unmindful of Providential agency. They, as well as the politicians, speak and act, as though the salvation of mankind depended upon the adoption of certain measures of theirs, and the cause of human liberty and progress rested mainly on the success of their schemes and efforts. Indeed, there is a too general, if not an almost universal, tendency to look to modifications of governments, acts of legislation, and *associated movements*, as the sole means of promoting the welfare of communities. Men allow themselves to identify the cause of liberty and righteousness with favourite notions and projects, and, having come to the conclusion that they must have their way or all will be lost, pursue their purposes with a fanatical, overbearing, and unscrupulous spirit.

To all this we can only reply, "*we will make money!*"

The orator could not well avoid making some allusion to Slavery, but he only hints at the war on Mexico; his allusion to Slavery, however, is for the purpose of rebuking the Abolitionists rather than to condemn slaveholders. He does it in the most gingerly and delicate manner, keeping, no doubt, the two great leading principles in his mind, "we will make money," and we will co-operate with Providence:

The subject of labour, particularly, as exhibited in the servile population of a portion of our own country, is attracting absorbing attention at the present time. I am aware of the prejudices that are prone to arise against any one who ventures to discuss it in an address to a mixed assembly but as I am confident that the public good requires that it should be presented to the consideration of the people generally in the light reflected upon it by the law of Providence now under own contemplation; I feel constrained not to shrink from the opportunity, and the duty of subjecting it to that light.

For many years we have seen a portion of our immediate fellow-citizens arraying themselves into associations, and resorting to the machinery and expedients of political parties, for the purpose of bringing the legislative action of the country to bear against this species of labour, and compel its abolition by legal enactments and alterations in the letter of the Constitution. On the other hand, we see those who imagine themselves interested in its continuance, losing the propriety of their judgment under the irritation into which they have permitted themselves to be kindled, banding together for its preservation, wielding with a temper, such as affrighted despotism elsewhere manifests towards those who threaten its overthrow, the weapons of legal and illegal violence against all who question its utility or righteousness, rendering the very discussion of it penal and perilous to the life, struggling to spread it over new members of the Confederacy, and actually plunging the Union into bloody and destructive war, to conquer from a neighbouring nation boundless regions of territory for the purpose of extending this form of labour. Keeping my eye fixed upon the operations of Providence, I partake not in the apprehensions of one of these descriptions of persons; and look upon the efforts of the other with an assured conviction of their impotence.

Let us not omit to give Mr. Upham full credit for the great boldness with which the above is uttered. Something more in the same strain follows, which would gladden the heart of President Polk, or his relative the slaveholding Bishop of Louisiana, for Mr. Upham deprecates all action in opposition to the abominable system of Slavery, as not co-operating with Providence. "*We will make money.*"

Mr Upham is a zealous advocate of the Union; he says:

The American States have now continued in substantial union for seventy years. They went into the Revolutionary War, when occupying a narrow strip of the continent, along the Atlantic shore; they now stretch their legislative and executive organization to the Pacific. When their numbers were few, and the limits of the country itself were contracted, a disaffected section might entertain the project of withdrawing from the Union, but now its insignificance, if separated, is so palpable as to forbid the idea. For half a century, the question was discussed in newspapers, in periodicals, at college exhibitions, and in all private circles, whether extension of territory would not weaken the bonds of union. It is high time to drop it forever. There is not a State, a county, a city, a town, a village, in the nation, in which, if the popular sentiment were tested, allegiance to the Union would not be found prevalent and ineradicable.

"*We will make money.*"—R.

The Knickerbocker for February, has, as usual, a good deal of pleasant, light reading. The editor mistakes his mission, in attempting to do anything more than amuse. In the present number, as in the last, he quotes some doggrel rhyme, by a coloured man, not so much for the fun in the lines themselves, as a slur upon the negro race. He may be assured that this sort of thing is held to be ill-bred and contemptible by all right-minded people. If the editor comprehended at all the spirit of the age, he would not descend to acts as unchristian as they are vulgar; nor would he venture to praise, as he does, the sermon of the Rev. Mr Fosdick, of Boston, which is so clearly a part of the bargain by which the man sold himself to the devil of Rum and Slavery. We copy, however, on our fourth page, a story of Harro Harring's, from this number of Knickerbocker, which may be put in in mitigation of the editor's short-sightedness.

Blackwood for January.—We have received this number, with the usual promptness of Messrs. Scott & Co. On our fourth page is an extract from the leading article, a review of Mr. Appert's "Court of Louis Phillippe." The whole article is one of lively court gossip, and is well worth reading, from the apparently faithful picture it gives of the remarkable character of the King of the French. The article on Lappenberg's Anglo-Saxons, is to us the most valuable and interesting in the book. This new history of Lappenberg, a German, is pronounced by the reviewer, the best that has ever been written upon the history of the people of whom it treats. Beside these, there are the usual number of military articles, and fiction. This number is the first of the volume, and now, therefore, is the best time for subscribing.

The New Timon. Philadelphia, Cary & Hart.

We wonder that this very beautiful poem should have attracted so little attention. We should think that among the crowd of modern poets and their followers, there must still be left enough of the old-fashioned admirers of the classic verse of olden time, to give a welcome to so vigorous and successful an imitator, all the more hearty, as such verse is so rare in these days of Tennysonisms and Barrettisms, when we can have no poetry but what is marked in every line with some peculiar mannerism of its author. This poet has no ambition to strike out a new style, or even to originate a new affectation:

Am I enthralled but by a sterile rule,
The formal pupil of a frigid school,
If to old laws my Spartan tastes adhere,
If the old vigorous music charm my ear,
Where sense with sound, and ease with weight combine,
In the pure silver of Pope's ringing line,
Or where the pulse of man beats loud and strong,
In the frank flow of Dryden's lusty song?

If the school be frigid, the pupil is apt.

We mean not to be so foolish as to affirm that new poetry will not take new forms, or to wish that all poetry should be written upon the same model—and Heaven forbid that we should deny the name of poet to Miss Barrett—for a true poet she is, spite of peculiarities—we will not say affectations—which we wish she were without—nevertheless, we have found such true pleasure in this imitation, if imitation that must be called which has all the vigour of an original, that we feel desirous it should be better known.

The poem contains a story, the interest of which we will not mar by any abstract, though if we had space, we might find occasion for some criticisms. We shall best give an idea of the merits of the poetry by quoting some detached passages.

The heroine is a poor, abandoned orphan, who is thus introduced:

Within that street, on yonder threshold-stone,
Who sits as stone-like? Penury claim thine own!
She sate, the homeless wanderer—with calm eyes
Looking through tears, yet lifted to the skies,
Wistful but patient, sorrowful but mild,
As asking God when he would claim his child;
A face too young for such a tranquil grief;
The worm that gnawed the core had spared the leaf:
Though worn the cheek with hunger and with care,
Yet still the soft, fresh, child-like bloom was there;
And each might touch you with an equal gloom,
The youth, the care, the hunger, and the bloom.

And her influence in the house of her benefactor, and over his unhappy sister is thus beautifully described:

And day by day the new-born influence stole,
As steals the summer o'er that frozen soul;
Calantha brightened in her presence—broke
Into faint smiles when the young soother spoke,
Wept tears that seemed to sweet founts to belong,
At Lucy's bird-like and untutored song;
And felt as some poor captive, when, from far,
The mavis nestles on the dungeon bar,
And sings him back, forgetful of his chain,
To home and hope, and happy hours again.

* * * * * * *

It was not mirth—for mirth she was too still;
It was not wit—wit leaves the heart more chill;
But that continuous sweetness, which with ease
Pleases all round it, from the wish to please,—
This was the charm that Lucy's smile bestowed:—
The wave's fresh ripple from deep fountains flowed;
Below, exhaustless gratitude—above,
Woman's meek temper, childhood's ready love.

The character of the hero, Morvale, the new Timon, the fiery-tempered East Indian, abandoned by an unnatural mother, and growing up with untamed passions and feelings, embittered by solitude and neglect, and in the midst of unbounded wealth, yearning for something in the world to love—is drawn with power, though with too much effort at effect to suit our taste altogether. One part we will copy for the vigour of the verse:

The ear inclined to every voice of grief,
The hand that oped spontaneous to relief,
The heart whose impulse stayed not for the mind,
To freeze, to doubt what charity enjoined,
But sprang to man's warm instinct for mankind,
The antique honour with its nameless power,
Which is to virtue as to plants the flower,
And that true daring not alone to those
Whom fault or fate has marshall'd into foes,
But the rare valour that confronts with scorn,
The monster shape of vice and folly born
Which some "the world," and some "opinion" call,
Own'd by no heart and yet enslaving all.

* * * * * * *

Honour to him who self-complete and brave,
In scorn can carve his pathway to the grave,
And heeding naught of what men think or say,
Makes his own heart his world upon the way.

Among the best things in the book, though entirely episodical, and unconnected with the story, are the graphic sketches of England's chief statesmen, two of which we will copy. We think the portrait of Wellington has seldom been surpassed.

But it is not merely in delineation of character that our poet excels. Very beautiful descriptions of nature, and passages of fine reflection, are scattered over the book:

Behold the sun! how stately from the East,
Bright from God's presence comes the glorious Priest!
Decked as beseems the mighty one, to whom
Heaven gives the charge to hallow and illume!
How, as he comes, through the great Temple Earth
Peals the rich jubilee of grateful mirth!
The infant flowers their odour-censers swinging,
Through aisled glades Air's anthem-chorus ringing,
While, like some soul lifted aloft by love,
High and alone the sky-lark halts above,
High, o'er the sparkling dew, the glittering corn,
Hymns his frank happiness and hails the morn!

As holy herbs the rock with verdure wreathe,
And fill with sweets the summer-air they breathe
In winter wither, only to reveal
Diviner virtues charged with power to heal—
So are the thoughts of Love.—If Heaven is fair,
Blooms for the earth, and perfumes for the air,
Is the Heaven dark—doth Sorrow sear the leaf?
They fade from joy to anodynes of grief.

Were we as rich in charity of deed
As gold—what rock would bloom not with the seed!
We give our alms and cry, "what can we more?"
One hour of time were worth a load of ore:
Give to the ignorant our wisdom—give
Sorrow our comfort, lend to those who live
In crime the counsels of our virtue—share
With souls our souls—and Satan shall despair.
Alas, what converts, one man who would take
The cross and staff, and house with guilt, could make.

But we are passing our bounds. We have heard that Bulwer is the author of the book. We don't believe it, for it seems to us a strain above him, though the story is not unlike his manner. We hope it is not he, for every new poet is a new possession; but if it is, we trust that after the perpetration of "Lucretia," he will hereafter eschew novel-writing, and confine himself to the worthier task of cultivating his poetic powers.—A.

To Correspondents.

W. M. H of R. His paper was stopped some time since, by order of the postmaster

W. P. We had the pleasure of seeing our friend here. Many thanks to him for his prompt attention to our request.

P. A. C. Glad to be assured that neither ourselves or our paper are forgotten. Shall hear soon.

G. B. Yes; we approve most heartily so noble a plan, unless some other way should open, by which more good can be done to the same end. Shall hear very soon by private letter.

T. H. of H. Both his letters are received, and the return made by mail which he requested. We trust they were received in safety.

W. P. A. His letter was received too late for last week. We hope that the unavoidable delay which must sometimes occur with all papers will not discourage him.

E. Q. If it had *only* come earlier, how thankful the giver and receiver of dull nothings would have been. But all may be thankful for next week, and we shall have the more leisure for our new studies. There was no boat on Wednesday of last week.

"AMERICANUS" shall appear next week. The information contained in his letter coincides with all that we have ever received on the subject.

G. B. S. The paper will be sent to J. B. as requested.

N. Too late for this week.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry*: Sonnet to H. T. Tuckerman; Christ Betrayed; Time. *Miscellany*: The Brazil Negresses; Flora MacDonald; Are the Planets Inhabited; Anecdote of the late L. E. L.; Sentimentalists—Infidels, and the Hangman; Statesmen and Executioners; Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

FIRST PAGE.—*Selections*: Voluntary Slavery; Sabbath School Movement on Behalf of the Slave; Black Laws in Missouri; Anti-Slavery Meetings at Newcastle-upon-Tyne; Frederick Douglass at Leeds; To Wesleyans and Others; The Message in England; Mr. Winthrop and John Jay.

SECOND PAGE.—Outrageous Conduct of the Volunteers. *Communications*: Wm. Goodell on the Constitution; Letter from W. W. Brown; Anti-Slavery Light.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Items.

The London Watchman says that John Angell James has declined a D. D.

The difficulty between the United States and Brazil has been satisfactorily adjusted by the Secretary of State and the Brazilian Minister at Washington.

The Pennsylvania Legislature have voted to adjourn on the 1st of March.

The store of Messrs. Trott & Currier, Jewellers, B. B. Widdefield & Co. Boston, was broken into last week, *and robbed of nearly* $10,000

A public meeting of five hundred women was held some days ago in Philadelphia, for the abolition of Capital Punishment. Mrs. Paulina S. Wright presided.—The meeting was addressed by Mary Grew and others.

The Secretary of War has issued an order, forbidding all persons in the army to write letters to their friends, respecting the army movements.

Laughlin, one of the keepers on Blakwell's Island, who brought over the prisoners to vote at the last election, has been convicted and sentenced to a fine of $150 and thirty days imprisonment in the City Prison.

An Anti-Mexican War meeting was held at the Tremont Temple, Boston, on Monday evening of last week. The meeting was addressed by the Rev. C. Brooks, Rev. W. Burton, Rev. T. Parker, Rev. R. C. Waterston, Dea. Grant, Messrs. C. F. Adams, Trask, and others. It adjourned to Thursday evening, when such a row ensued that it was impossible to hear the speakers.

The printing for the next Congress is given to Messrs. Wendell & Van Benthuysen of Albany, and Messrs. Tippin and Streeter of Philadelphia.

The "Philadelphia Killers," volunteers for the war, are getting their hand in at New Orleans by shooting railroad conductors and keepers of groggeries, and ravishing women on their private account.

The Rochester Democrat cautions the community, especially the female portion of it, against one Daniel G. Unthank, who has married and deserted, in turn, some half-dozen wives. He is a blacksmith by trade, and is supposed to be living in Canada.

A woman named Sabrine Daly, aged about forty, died in this city on Wednesday last. Her husband, in great mental agony, left the room the moment she expired, and lying down, expressed a wish to die and be buried with his wife. In ten minutes he was a corpse. An inquest was held, and the surgeon declared that congestion of the brain was the immediate cause of his death.

In the gale of last week, which was severely felt along the coast, the steamboat Mountaineer, from Bridgeport, to New-York, fell in with the sloop Confidence, of Darien, Connecticut, capsized. Her crew were in a perishing condition, and were taken off by a boat's crew of the steamer. The passengers of the Mountaineer held a meeting, at which they resolved, that they "witnessed with much gratification and unqualified approbation, the conduct" of the captain and pilot, in stopping the steamer for the rescue of the crew of the Confidence. And they next resolved, that the "thanks of this meeting be tendered" to the boat's crew of the Mountaineer, who hazarded their own lives to save those of the crew of the Confidence. It strikes us that those deserving the most praise got the least.

The Rhode Island Legislature has authorized the Governor to draw on the general treasury for a sum not exceeding two thousand five hundred dollars, to defray the expense of rising and subsisting volunteers from the State for the Mexican war. It was concurred in, yeas 22, nays 8.

An act in relation to fugitive slaves, similar to the one now in force in Massachusetts, has been adopted.

A new paper is to be started in Washington to be edited by Gen. Duff Green. It is to advocate conservative principles, which means, we suppose, that it will maintain all existing abuses.

A great Peace meeting was held at Birmingham, England, recently, to hear an address from Elihu Burritt, at which 4,000 persons were present. A memorial to the British Government was adopted, also to the people of France, a copy of which was sent to Louis Philippe.

Mr. Wise, (himself a slaveholder at home,) says that the United States schooner that was condemned at the Navy Yard, (Brooklyn,) two years ago, has made three successful voyages to Africa after slaves, and is now on her fourth. She sold for $1,500, and in three months cleared her owners, to his knowledge, $9,500. So says a correspondent of the Journal of Commerce. It is a startling and horrible fact, if indeed it be as stated.

In the Baltimore Prison there is an old negro who was convicted forty years ago of the murder of his master, and was sentenced to be hung, but which was commuted to imprisonment for life.

Mr. Rawlings of Brooklyn, has established agencies in different parts of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, for emigration to Western Virginia. He has received orders for 1,000 farms, of 150 acres each, (in all 150,000 acres,) in that section for a Welsh settlement.

Died.

At Exeter, New Hampshire, January, 26th, Hon. NATHANIEL GILMAN, aged 88 years.

In New Orleans, 20th ultimo, of consumption, MARTIN JAVELLY, one of the Ravel family.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For the Standard—from January 25th, to February 8th.

Harvey Higbee, Cherry Valley, Ohio,		$1 00
William Fenton, Bristolville,	"	1 00
James Moffet, Warrensville,	"	1 00
A. B. Whitney, Unionville,	"	1 00
William Laning, Avoca, N Y		1 00
Alva Wells,	"	1 00
Oliver Rice,	"	1 00
Daniel Tilton,	"	50
L. Munroe, Plainfield, Ct		1 00
George W. Delameter, Corning, N Y		1 00
Oliver Culver, Rochester,	"	5 00
Stephen Rushmore, N. Hemstead,	"	1 00
Richard Marriott, Stanfordville,	"	1 00
Emily Corey, Otisco,	"	1 00
Oren Stebbins, Borodino,	"	1 00
Fanny Nims, Marion	"	1 00
John Pallister, Pulteyville,	"	1 00
Fitch Reed,	"	1 00
John Reynolds,	"	1 00
Bradford King, East Bloomfield,	"	1 00
Franklin Bebee,	"	1 00
Chauncy W. Knapp, Penfield,	"	1 00
Stacy White,	"	1 00
Sherwood & Moore,	"	1 00
Z. H. Benjamin, Rochester,	"	1 00
Joseph Coning,	"	1 00
Moses Pettengill, Churchill, N Y		1 00
Edward Gilman,	"	1 00
Edward Covill,	"	1 00
James Hill,	"	1 00
Calvin Gilman,	"	1 00
Jesse Dewey,	"	1 00
David Bangs,	"	1 00
Benjamin Kelsey,	"	1 00
Hosea Town,	"	1 00
Calvin Abbott,	"	1 00
H. S. Loveridge, Riga Centre, N Y		1 00
Ashman & Gay,	"	1 00
Elias Ward,	"	1 00
William Sackett, East Bergen, N Y		1 00
Peters & Loring,	"	1 00
William Elmer,	"	1 00
Richard Crisfield,	"	1 00
Abram Davis,	"	1 00
George Bryan, Brockport, N Y		1 00
Peter Sutphen, Sweden, N Y		1 00
T. C. Hill,	"	1 00
James Loder, North Chili, N Y		1 00
Wm. Hutchins,	"	1 00
E. S. Pierson,	"	1 00
Tyler Stilson,	"	1 00
Joseph Randall,	"	1 00
Orlin Douglass, West Rush, N Y		1 00
Simeon Parks, Victor,	"	1 00
Erastus Ford, East Mendon,	"	1 00
Cornelius De Witt, East Henrietta, N Y		1 00
Joseph Brown,	"	1 00
Luther Hovey,	"	1 00
John Ellis,	"	1 00
Lorrin Pitcher,	"	1 00
Thomas Warrant, Rochester, N Y		1 00
Warren Delano, Fairhaven, Mass		5 00
E. Haskins, Middleboro',	"	50
Fernando Leonard, E. Bridgewater, Mass		1 00
Experience Billings, Foxboro',	"	1 00
D. B. Ford, New Bedford,	"	50
A. Whitmarsh, Abington,	"	50
Z. R. Addington,	"	50
E. G. Wheeler, East Abington,	"	1 00
Wm. B. Allen, New-York city,		1 00
F. A. Seymour, Walcott, N Y		1 00
Stephen Howland, Red Creek, N Y		1 00
Rowland Soule,	"	50
Julia A. Sawyer,	"	1 00
J. M. Pratt,	"	1 00
Amos Cornell, Mud Creek, N Y		50
James S. Parmer,	"	1 00
Thomas Corbitt,	"	1 00
John Mann, Littleton, N J		1 00
Eliakim Levy, N. Hemstead, N Y		1 00
Harriet Cobbs,	"	1 00
Charles Mitchell,	"	1 00
J. M. Aldrich, Fall River, Mass		1 00
E. S. Caldwell, Paris, Wiskonsan,		1 00
Amasa Southwick, Leicester, Mass		1 00
Bazil Armes Alexandria, Pa		1 00
Cyrus Darling, Worcester, Mass		1 00
Rebecca L. Pound, Marengo, N Y		1 00
Elnathan Hall,	"	1 00
Hugh D. Thorn,	"	1 00
Isaac R. Thorn,	"	1 00
J. D. Childs, Shelby, N Y		50
D. Boardman, Seneca Falls, N Y		1 00
Joshua Martin,	"	50
J. Bement,	"	1 00
H. W. Seymour,	"	1 00
Wm Woodworth,	"	25
T. James,	"	50
Wm. H. Pitcher,	"	50
Isaac Allen, Romulusville, N Y		1 00
Saron Phillips,	"	1 00
Thomas Barrows,	"	50
Joseph Emens,	"	50
David Leisenring,	"	1 00
Benjamin Barrick,	"	1 00
Burroughs Phillips,	"	1 00
Samuel Brooke, Oakland, Ohio,		75
Joshua Easton, N Bridgewater, Mass		1 00
Henry King, Mansfield,	"	1 00
Urana Thayer, Millville,	"	1 00
E. F. Burnham, Danvers,	"	1 00
Zilpa Harlow, Plymouth,	"	1 00
Female A. S. Society, Weymouth,	"	2 00
Wm. French, Kingston, R I		1 00
Thomas Hale, Hanover, N H		1 00
Total Amount,		$116.50

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

NOTICES.

ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR AT WATERLOO.

On Thursday, February 25th and 26th, 1847.

The friends of the slave are earnestly solicited to bear in mind this FAIR. The time is short for making preparations, therefore what thy hand findeth to do let it be done with thy might. Let every one do *something*. Let Freedom's offerings be brought together on that day and laid upon the altar, and each heart consecrated anew to the work of the redemption of the bondman.

A large quantity and great variety of articles are already made up. Come and buy. In addition to all the other beautiful and nice things to be found at the Fair, will be the LIBERTY BELL FOR 1847.

By request of the Committee,
J. C. HATHAWAY.

CHESTER COUNTY CONVENTION.

The board of managers of the Chester County Anti-Slavery Society, with the approbation of the society given at its annual meeting, have concluded to hold, during the present winter, a series of conventions throughout the county. The present is a most auspicious time for action; shall we not improve it well? One hour now to speak plain truths to the people, is worth more than days, years ago; *then* the evils of Slavery were regarded as metaphysical abstractions—*now* they are *felt* as all too real. The nation is engaged in a murderous aggression on a neighbouring people, in order that slaveholders may still bear sway in its councils by accessions to their power, and that the weak may still be plundered with impunity. A vast territory (now free) is to be forced from Mexico by the horrors of war, and united to this country for Slavery to grow and fatten upon

Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SONNET.

TO H. T. TUCKERMAN.

Those who wouldst rescue Shelley's name from wrong,
And prove him holier than the carping host
On whom his noblest attributes are lost;
Wouldst mourn his errors, yet embalm his song:
Who Petrarch's fame wouldst in thy "Thoughts" prolong,
To re-present the truth—o'erlooked by most—
That love is human nature's highest boast;
A truth not recognized by the gross throng
Who desecrate the sacred name of love:
Who crownest each with his own chosen bays;
Showing high aim may gentlest woman move
To give the world her thoughts, nor ask its praise:
Thou who to other bards fit shrine wouldst give,
May'st thou within the holiest temple live! C

From the Tribune.

CHRIST BETRAYED.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

Eighteen hundred years agone
Was that deed of darkness done;
Was that sacred, thorn-crowned head
To a shameful death betrayed,
And Iscariot's traitor name
Blazoned in eternal shame.
Thou, disciple of our time,
Follower of the faith sublime,
Who with high and holy scorn
Of that traitorous deed dost burn,
Though the years may never more
To our earth that form restore,
The Christ-Spirit ever lives,
Ever in thy heart He strives.
When pale Misery mutely calls,
When thy tempted brother falls
When thy gentle words may chain
Hate, and Anger, and disdain,
Or thy loving smile impart
Courage to some sinking heart;
When within thy troubled breast
Good and evil thoughts contest,
Though unconscious thou may'st be,
The Christ-Spirit strives with thee.

When He trod the Holy Land
With His small Disciple band,
And the fated hour had come
For that august martyrdom;
When the man, the human love,
And the God within Him strove,
As in Gethsemane He wept,
They, the faithless watchers, slept;
While for them he wept and prayed,
One denied, and one betrayed.

If to-day thou turn'st aside
In thy luxury and pride,
Wrapped within thyself, and blind
To the sorrows of thy kind,
Thou a faithless watch dost keep,
Thou art one of those who sleep.
Or, if waking thou dost see
Nothing of Divinity
In our fallen, struggling race,
If in them thou seest no trace
Of a glory dimmed, not gone,
Of a Future to be won,
Of a Future, hopeful, high,
Thou, like Peter, dost deny.
But if, seeing, thou believest,
If the Evangel thou receivest,
Yet if thou art bound to Sin,
False to the Ideal within,
Slave of Ease, or slave of Gold,
Thou the Son of God hast sold.

TIME.

BY JOHN HAYTHORPE, 1622.

* * * * * *

Like calm winds thou passest by us,
Lined with feathers are thy feet,
Thy downy wings with silence fly us;
Like the shadows of the night,
Or the stream,
That no beam,
Of sharpest eye discerns to fleet.

Therefore mortals, all deluded
By thy grave and wrinkled face,
In their judgments have concluded,
That thy slow and snail-like pace
Still doth tend
To no end,
But to an eternal race.

* * * * *

Miscellany.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE BRAZILIAN NEGRESSES.

BY HARRO HARRING.

One morning at a hotel in Rio de Janeiro I witnessed a most interesting scene.

Two Brazilians were writing in the coffee-room, with various documents lying on the table. There stood by them a middle-aged negress, whose shoes denoted that she was free, slaves not being allowed to wear them. She looked earnestly at the men, and seemed to be anxious for the completion of their work. She was tall and slender, and in African costume; having a coloured stuff mantel tastefully thrown over her neck, and reaching below her waist. At her side stood a young negress of the same slender form; and I thought of the same tribe, although her skin was of a deeper jet, caused by the freshness of youth. Both seemed to belong to the tribe of the Cabendas; their features being more distinguished, and the lower jaw less projecting, than is the case with the negroes of other tribes. The features of the Cabendas indeed resemble those of the Europeans, the mouth having a grave expression and the lips being smaller than those of the Mozambique negroes. The countenance of this fine people usually indicate reflection and great calmness of temperament.

The younger negress was barefooted, in token of her servile condition. In other respects she was well dressed. Indeed, good habits and cleanliness in person and clothing characterize the blacks generally in the Brazils.

Several strangers and some people of the hotel stood by, but a dead silence prevailed while the two Brazilians wrote; I looked upon the whole group from a distance.

The quick heaving bosom of the young negress betrayed her deep emotion. But she stood like one amazed, with her arms hanging listlessly by her side, and her eyes gazing on the other negress. Near the door stood a black porter ready to put into his basket a little trunk which was on the ground, and upon the trunk lay a pretty straw bonnet.

When the writing was done, the elder negress put a large packet of bank notes on the table without saying one word. At this the younger female breathed forth a deep-drawn sigh; and her whole frame was obviously affected in every limb, although she did not move from the spot she stood upon. The calm, deep feeling expressed in her features is indescribable. Her eyes became suffused; but so entirely was she absorbed by what was passing before her, that she was quite unaware of the gush of tears which followed.

My attention was riveted. One of the Brazilians took up the notes, which as far as could be judged of from where I stood, amounted to a large sum; and having counted them, he carefully put them into his pocket-book. The younger negress again stood perfectly still, and stared vacantly at the objects about her. The documents were now handed to the elder negress, who read and signed them, as did also the Brazilians who had received the money. She then for the first time looked at the young negress with an expression of gratulation and delight, mingled however with sorrow and a conflict of emotions. The latter clasped her hands and raised her eyes upward in silence.

Until now, not a word had all this time been uttered. At length one of the Brazilians growled in a surly tone to the young girl:

"*You are free, you may go.*"

But she stirred not. The other Brazilian, who seemed to be a notary, added:

"*She has been free since yesterday.*" The companion again feeling his pocket-book in which the notes had been put, then asked him if he would take refreshment, which he refused. Hereupon the elder negress nodded to the porter, who snatched up the trunk, and put it on his head; and all left the room, except the individual who had received the money. He began to talk to one of the waiters of the hotel, when suddenly he rushed into the street, and followed at full speed, the party that had gone away.

Upon my asking the occasion of this new movement, the chief waiter, a Genoese, who had looked on with the rest, replied eagerly: "The old negress recognized in the younger, who was brought a slave to Brazil, the daughter of an old African friend; and she redeemed the girl for six hundred milréas."

"But why?" said I, "does the Brazilian run so fast after them?"

Before an answer could be made, the whole party came in again. The black porter had the little trunk in his basket, and put it down before them all.

The waiter then said, with a laugh: "I don't know what the old fellow would be at. He has just inquired whether we have not missed something from the room where the young negress had slept for several nights; for her old friend brought her hither, as soon as she had discovered and redeemed her. "That gentleman," added the waiter, pointing to the old Brazilian, "guaranteed the payment of the purchase money until the elder negress could fetch it from the country."

Another waiter now went to the room in question to see if anything had been stolen.

The accused, however, became very different from the subdued and almost stupified being she had before appeared to be. Her eyes were inflamed, her lips were livid, her cheeks put on the peculiar *paleness* of the blacks when deeply moved. She demanded of her former owner in quick, indignant tones, "*Did I ever rob you before? Did you ever before charge me with the petty theft?*" These hurried questions were accompanied by a look such as I had never witnessed; and I have not been unobservant of the various expressions of human passions. It was a withering flash as of lightning; and the miserable master of this poor freed girl stood for a moment abashed under its influence. The habitual influence of domination, however, did not fail him, and recovering his self-possession, he insultingly ordered her to open the trunk to be examined.

"Do so at once, my child," said the eldest negress, with the fullest confidence in the offspring of the friend of her youth, who forthwith drew the key from her bosom; and kneeling down unlocked the trunk. While taking out her little store, she did not deign to look up at her accuser. Pride and sovereign contempt marked her features. As she lifted out article by article to be examined, she raised her head in a peculiar manner without looking up. A few books and some clothes formed the contents of the trunk; and shaking each article separately she laid them all quietly on the ground.

I was much struck and surprised at her sudden calm; at the complete transition from a fury of passion to the most perfect composure. It was the tempest-tossed lake become placid, and shone upon by the sereenest glories of the bright moon, and freshened by the clearest atmosphere.

Her mother's friend had no doubt of her innocence; but she looked more in pity than in scorn at the Brazilian, so that he kept his eyes on the trunk in order to escape her gaze.

The waiter who went to examine the room, returned laughing, and then making some observation on his bootless errand, he gave the elder negress a pair of yellow shoes left by the young girl herself. Such shoes are worn by the freed negroes, and these, with the other trifles, were recently given to her. She seemed to have shrunk from putting them on, under an anxious feeling that her good fortune might not prove real.

When the trunk was emptied, and all the contents were seen to be her own, she remained stooping as before, and did not condescend to look at her persecutor; nor even betrayed the slightest triumph at the result. She was indeed too proud to put any value upon being acquitted of so base a charge. The Brazilian, on the other hand, humiliated at the whole scene, muttered a few words of regret; and feeling in his pocket for the notes he had just received, he withdrew. The young negress quietly replaced her little store; and the black porter, who had given signs of extreme irritation at what had passed, now gave vent to his rage by convulsively clenching his fist at the Brazilian, but the elder negress directed him to take the trunk away; and at length all three retired together, with exemplary composure.

We who remained could not comprehend the real motive of this unjustifiable proceeding, unless it were an ebullition of impotent malice. The obviously noble character of the accused, which had won the admiration of us strangers, ought certainly to have inspired her owner, who knew her so much better, with the fullest confidence and respect, instead of exciting in him the worst feelings. I thought it probable that in this case, as in many others I had heard of, a spirit of revenge actuated the white man against the poor girl for rejecting his infamous advances.

I returned home to my solitude as quickly as the business I had come upon to Rio de Janeiro permitted; and indulged in the reflections excited by these occurrences. They were not new to me; and disclosed traits of character in an oppressed race which filled me with surprise and respect. I could not resume my accustomed occupations. The hand of the author was disabled by his better thoughts. The hard fate of the coloured people, eternally exposed to extreme insult, and to the white man's baseness, haunted me while my feelings were relieved by the frequent contrast presented by the good and noble acts of their black brethren.

FLORA McDONALD.

The name of Flora McDonald has been always remembered from the part she took in assisting Charles Edward, the last of the Stewarts, after the battle of Culloden, to baffle the pursuit of his enemies. The following account of her is from an article in the last *North American Review*:

In this extremity, a young girl, of about his own age, whose heart had been touched by the melancholy tale of his perils and his sufferings, undertook to become his guide. Her name was Flora MacDonald. She was the daughter of a petty laird of South Uist, who had been dead several years, and her mother was now married to another MacDonald, of the Isle of Skye. Her education had been that of a simple country girl of good family, but her beauty and her strong natural sense, accompanied by deep feeling and heart-sprung enthusiasm, had made her a favourite of the Clanranalds, and other noble families of the neighbourhood, in which she was a frequent and welcome visiter.

When Flora took this adventurous resolution, she had never seen the prince, and knew him only by the songs which recorded his early triumphs, and the tales which were whispered from mouth to mouth of his subsequent disasters and dangers. O'Niel and MacEachen accompanied her to the first interview, for they alone knew the secret of his hiding-place. She found him in a little cavern formed by a crevice in the rocks, his garments soiled, his cheeks pale, his eyes hollow and sunken, his hands covered with a cutaneous disorder, which he had contracted in shifting from hovel to hovel and cavern to cavern, and his whole aspect so care-worn and haggard that she burst into tears at the sight. But his cheerfulness soon dried her tears, and the gayety with which he spoke of his own appearance and situation made her laugh in despite of her melancholy. After staying as long as she dared, she gave him a basket of provisions and a change of linen, which she had brought for his use, and took her leave, with the promise of a speedy return. If before this she had felt disposed to make an effort in his favour, she was now resolved to save him at every hazard. Her mother was at the Isle of Skye, which would afford a sufficient pretext for a journey thither; and as she was frequently in the habit of making these little excursions, sometimes all alone, and sometimes with a single attendant, there was every reason to hope that this also might pass off without attracting attention. The chief difficulty lay in framing a suitable disguise for the prince; for at this moment every person was closely watched, and there was no such thing as travelling in security, without a passport that covered the whole party. The habits of the country suggested an expedient. Mrs. MacDonald was a thrifty housewife, and would be glad to have an able-bodied maid to assist her in her spinning. This would be a sufficient reason for introducing another name upon the passport, and, the first step made sure, fortune would decide the rest. The prince was informed of the character that he was to assume, and Lady Clanranald and Lady MacDonald assisted Flora in preparing his disguise.

While these preparations were going on, she continued from time to time to visit the prince in his cavern, sometimes with Lady Clanranald, and sometimes with MacEachen, but always at intervals and with the utmost precaution, in order to avoid exciting suspicion by being seen to go too often in the same direction. This was the soul relief that Charles Edward enjoyed from the monotony and anxiety of his situation; and when, as sometimes happened, three or four days passed away without a visit from Flora, it was with difficulty that he could curb his impatience. And well may his impatience be excused, for it would be hard to conceive of a situation more trying. The spot in which he had taken shelter was rather a crevice in the rocks than a cavern. With every shower—and in that climate there are many—the water penetrated through the fissures, dropping upon his head, and collecting in the folds of the tartan with which he vainly endeavoured to protect himself. All that his companion, a hardy islander, could do to assist him was to shake out the water when the folds were filled. To complete his misery, the flies gathered around him in swarms, biting him on the hands and in the face with a sharpness that sometimes, with all his self-control, wrung from him a shriek of agony. His food was brought to him by a little milk-girl, who also stood on the watch to keep him informed of the movements of the soldiery. At length, after many a day of anxious expectation, and many a hair-breadth escape, the preparations were all completed; and on the evening of the 28th of June, after one more narrow escape from a party of soldiers that were prowling along the coast, he embarked with Flora and MacEachen in an open boat for the Isle of Skye.

They had hardly been aboard an hour, when the wind began to rise, and the sea with it. The oarsmen shook their heads ominously as they gazed at the rising billows, for their frail bark was but ill-fitted to bear the shock of a tempest. To distract their attention from the danger, Charles Edward sang them the songs which he had learned around the Highland watch-fires, and rehearsed those wild legends of the olden time, which have such a charm in that land of mist and storm. Calm returned with daylight, and, after wandering for a while at venture, they found themselves near the western part of the Isle of Skye. As they were rowing along under the shore, a platoon of soldiers suddenly appeared on the rocks, and ordered them to land. They were within gun-shot, and before the boatmen could put about, the soldiers fired. Flora would not consent to stoop her head until the prince did so too, and the balls fell around them without doing any harm.

At last, they landed at the north end of the island, and Charles Edward remained with MacEachen, while Flora went forward to MacDonald castle to consult about their future movements. She found the castle full of officers and soldiers. It was decided that the prince should take refuge in the little island of Raasay. Lady McDonald sent Kingsbury, her stewart, to attend him and conduct him to his own house, where he was to pass the night. Flora rejoined them on the road. It was long after nightfall when they reached the house, and all the family were a-bed. Mrs. Kingsbury hastened down to receive her husband and guests, and was not a little terrified, upon saluting the supposed Betty, to feel the impression of a rough beard upon her cheeks. "It is an out-law, then, that you have brought home with you!" said she to her husband. "It is the prince himself," replied Kingsbury. "The prince! alas! then we are all undone!" "We can die but once," said the faithful islander, "and where could we find a nobler cause to die in? But make haste and get some supper for his Royal Highness; give us some eggs, and butter, and cheese." "Eggs, butter, and cheese, for a prince's supper!" cried the good woman in astonishment. "If you knew what kind of suppers he has been living upon of late, you would call that a feast. Beside, if you were to make any unusual preparation, it might excite suspicion; so make haste, and come and take your place at table." "At table with a prince!" "To be sure. He would not eat without you, and his gracious manners and affability will soon put you at your ease." The supper was indeed a feast for Charles Edward, and when the ladies had retired, he remained at table to keep his host company, as gay and apparently as unconcerned as though he had never seen a day of sorrow. It was only in his slumbers that he betrayed the real state of his mind, and then no selfish complaint, no lament for his own sufferings, was ever heard to escape him; but "Alas! my poor Scotland!" was the exclamation that broke from his lips.

Next morning he was again on his way; but not till after a hearty breakfast, and after leaving a lock of his hair for Flora and his hostess, which, with the worn-out shoes that he had exchanged for a new pair of Kingsbury's, and the sheets in which he had slept, were carefully treasured up as precious relics of those days of trial. A circuitous route brought them down to the shore, where he was to embark for Raasay. The blood gushed from his nostrils in a copious stream as he bade adieu to Kingsbury and to the noble-hearted Flora, who were soon to atone by a long captivity for this act of self-devotion."

ARE THE PLANETS INHABITED?

We make the following extract from an article on the Revelations of the Telescope, in the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review:

Are the planets inhabited? is a question which naturally presents itself to the human mind, and for a solution of which, we as naturally look to the science of astronomy. But when the immense distance which separates us even from the nearest of the planets is remembered, it can scarcely be matter of surprise that the telescope affords no evidence on the question, whether the planets, like the earth, are inhabited globes. Yet, though it gives no direct answer to this inquiry, modern astronomy has collected together a mass of facts, connected with the positions and motions, the physical character and conditions, and the parts played in the solar system by the several globes of which that system is composed, which forms a vast body of analogy, leading the intelligent mind to the conclusion that the planets are worlds, fulfilling in the economy of the universe the same functions, and created by the same Divine hand, for the same moral purposes, and with the same destinies, as the earth. Thus, for example, we find that these orbs, like our own, roll in regulated periods round the sun; that they have nights and days, and successions of seasons; that they are provided with atmospheres, supporting clouds, and agitated by winds; and that thus, also, their climates and seasons are modified by evaporation, and that showers refresh their surfaces. For we know that wherever the existence of the clouds is made manifest there water must exist; there evaporation must go on; there electricity, with its train of phenomena, must reign; there rains must fall; there hail and snow must descend. Notwithstanding the dense atmosphere and thick clouds with which Venus and Mercury are constantly enveloped, the telescope has exhibited to us great irregularities on their surfaces, and thus proved the existence of mountains and valleys. But it is upon the planet Mars, which approaches nearest to the earth, that the greatest advances have been made in this department of inquiry. Under favourable circumstences its disc is seen to be mapped out by a varied outline, some portions being less reflective of light than others, just as water would be less reflective than land. Baer and Maedler, two Prussian astronomers, have devoted many years' labour to the examination of Mars, and the result has put us in possession of a map of the geography of that planet, almost as exact and well-defined as that which we possess of our own; in fact, the geographical outlines of land and water have been made apparent upon it. But a still more extraordinary fact in relation to this planet remains to be considered. Among the shaded markings which have been noted by the telescope upon its disc, a remarkable region of brilliant white light, standing out in boldest relief, has been observed surrounding the visible pole. This highly illuminated spot is to be seen most plainly when it emerges from the long night of the winter season; but when it has passed slowly beneath the heat of the solar beams, it is found to have gradually contracted its dimensions; and at last, before it has plunged into light on the opposite side, to have entirely disappeared. But the opposite pole, then coming into similar relation, is found to be furnished with a like luminous spot, which, in its turn, dissolves as it becomes heated by the summer sun. Now these facts prove to us, incontestibly, that the very geographical regions of Mars are facsimiles of ours. In its long polar winters the snows accumulate in the desolation of its high northern and southern latitudes, until they become visible to us in consequence of their reflective properties; and these are slowly melted as the sun's rays gather power in the advancing season, until they cease to be appreciable to terrestrial eyes. This fact is a most striking one in reference to the present question. For, to quote the remarks of one of the authors before us:—

"If the moon has proved to us, incontrovertibly, that one of the celestial luminaries is a solid sphere, carved into elevations and depressions analogous to those familiar to us as the mountains and valleys of the terrestrial surfaces, Mars teaches us as emphatically that another among them is a world fitted with its rains, and snows, and clouds, and seasons, to the purposes and wants of organic life, which is intimately dependent upon such adaptations for its being."

The comparative proximity of our own satellite, the Moon, has necessarily rendered it an object of the greatest interest, and it has, perhaps, in a greater degree than the other celestial orbs, been subjected to the scrutinizing observations of the telescope. Since the completion of the great instrument of Lord Rosse, that nobleman has frequently observed it, and its appearance, as seen by the great telescope, is thus described by Dr. Scoresby:—

"It appeared like a globe of molten silver, and every object of the extent of one hundred yards was quite visible. Edifices, therefore, of the size of York Minster, or even of the ruins of Whitby Abbey, might be easily perceived if they had existed. But there was no appearance of anything of that nature; neither was there any indication of the existence of waters, or of an atmosphere. There was a vast number of extinct volcanoes, several miles in breadth; through one of them there was a line, in continuance of one about one hundred and fifty miles in length, which ran in a straight direction like a railway. The general appearance, however, was like one vast ruin of nature: and many of the pieces of rock, driven out of the volcanoes, appeared to be laid at various distances."

From Wm. Howitt's Homes and Haunts of British Poets.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE L. E. L.

On the other hand, in mixed companies, witty and conversant as she was, you had a feeling that she was playing an assumed part. Her manner and conversation were not only the very reverse of the tone and sentiment of her poems, but she seemed to say things for the sake of astonishing you with the very contrast. You felt not only no confidence in the truth of what she was asserting, but a strong assurance that it was said merely for the sake of saying what her hearers would least expect to hear her say. I recollect once meeting her in company, at a time when there was a strong report that she was actually though secretly married. Mrs. Hofland, on her entering the room, went up to her in her plain, straightforward way, and said, "Ah! my dear, what must I call you?—Miss Landon or who? After a well-feigned surprise at the question, Miss Landon began to talk in a tone of merry ridicule a this report, and ended by declaring that as to love or marriage, they were things that she never thought of.—"What, then, have you been doing with yourself this last month?" "Oh, I have been puzzling my brain to invent a new sleeve; pray how do you like it?" showing her arm. "You never think of such a thing as love!" exclaimed a young sentimental man, "you who have written so many volumes of poetry upon it?" "Oh, that's all professional, you know! exclaimed she, with an air of merry scorn. "Professional!" exclaimed a grave Quaker, who stood near—"why, dost thou make a difference between what is professional and what is real? Dost thou write one thing and think another? Does not that look very much like hypocrisy?" To this the astonished poetess made no reply, but by a look of genuine amazement. It was a mode of putting the matter to which she had evidently never been accustomed. And, in fact, there can be no question that much of her writing was professional. She had to win a golden harvest for the comfort of others as dear to her as herself; and she felt, like all authors who have to cater for the public, that she must provide, not so much what she would of her free-will choice, but what they expected from her.

From Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper.

SENTIMENTALISTS—INFIDELS—AND THE HANGMAN.

We have no doubt when the Legislature ceased to permit old women to be burned for their ugliness, that certain "well-instructed Christians" exclaimed—"what infidelity!" A hump—a hare-lip—an oblique eye—was in the court of Christian science, sufficing evidence of the mark of Satan, and the uncomely witch was burned to the satisfaction and increasing piety of all orthodox believers. At this moment, is there a village in all England without its old decrepit women who, in the good old times of fire and faggot, would not have been in peril of her life—to be offered up as a religious sacrifice to good, respectable people? And now, she is permitted to live; and the world is not in darkness, wanting the flames that, in the times of simple truth, would have duly roasted her.

A "well-instructed Christian," in that muslin rag, the *Morning Post*, considers the gallows to be the foundation of society. With him, the world does not depend—as poets have sung—from the golden chain of necessity, fastened to the footstool of Jove; but hangs from hempen rope. Phinehas—such is the newspaper name of our well-instructed Christian—considers a belief in the necessity of hanging to be an instrumental part of revealed religion. And more; Phinehas, with a piercing eye for a millstone, sees in the attempts of sentimentalists to set aside the hangman, a covert attack on all human authority. The gallows is, of all, the most important post; let that be carried, and the throne must capitulate. The Lapland witch, with simple rope ties up a tempest in a single knot. The English hangman, in *his* noose, makes sure the social safety of the nation: unfasten that, and the hurricane of anarchy will sweep all before it. Truly Jack Ketch is a very ill-used functionary: for considering his great social utility, he ought to take rank with the most solemn authorities of the land; yet, somehow, we do shrink from him: we do not award to him anything like the same respect we offer to a bishop, or even to a curate. But then, poor human nature is so fantastical! Hear Phinehas, ye men who love social order, and rally round the gallows:

It is, in fact, perfectly evident to the well-instructed Christian, that the pretended humanity which would abolish death as the penalty for murder, is merely *a part of that deistical and infidel movement* which aims at destroying the very foundations of Christianity.

There! doubt the lawfulness of the hangman, and you are a deist: lay a destroying finger on the gallows, and it is an "infidel movement!" True Christianity is only to be found in the Old Bailey—all other is spurious.

There cannot be a doubt that multitudes who join in the cry for remitting the penalty of death for murder, on the assumed ground that the authority of the Old Testament in this point is no longer binding, are wholly unaware how greatly they are therefore helping the enemies of religious truth to sap the foundations of all faith in revelation, and thus to undermine the authority on which human governments exist, and the well-being of society depends.

The first great movement of the French revolutionists was to carry the Bastile. Let Lord Nugent, Joseph Sturge, Charles Gilpin, and other such proved deists and infidels, destroy the condemned cells of Newgate, and is it likely they will stop there? Will they not, flushed with conquest, march on to Buckingham Palace; and from thence take an express train to Slough, hot for Windsor Castle? For the first time, the hangman looms upon us in his true, majestic proportions! What is he, in fact, but the watch and warder of the British Constitution? Seize him, fling him over into the moat, and the edifice—the sacred work of the wisdom of ages—is defiled by the orgies of deists and infidels. Wise Phinehas, seeing the hangman in peril, roars out with all his might—"The Church is in danger!"

And Phinehas says, touchingly, as though his very heart-strings were hempen twine:

Should the Legislature ever be beguiled by the *clamours of infidels and sentimentalists* into yielding on *this one point* it will infallibly identify itself with the enemies (whether open, covert, or deluded) of the revealed Word and Will of God.

Phinehas is right. His reasoning, weighty as a plummet, strikes us. Infidels and sentimentalists have almost made this social state of ours—once so exciting and picturesque—colourless, and commonplace. Once, indeed, ugly, freckled, withered old women yelled out their lives in flames; witches, doomed on "the authority of the Old Testament." And then the pale sentimentalist lifted up his voice, and denounced the blasphemous abomination; and by degrees, men listened, and were converted by his folly, and who—at this moment—can count the number of witches working their daily spells on English babes and English cattle? Who, by the way, shall say that to them alone we owe not the potato blight?

But the sins of the sentimentalists against the foundations of society are manifold. Men were very properly broken alive upon the wheel; and the sentimentalist trembled and turned white at the bloody work, and still denounced it. And criminals, with life yet in them, were ripped open, disembowelled; and still the sentimentalist, at the gallows'-foot, in the name of God and nature, protested against the sacrilege. And the limbs and joints of small offenders were crushed in steel-boots, wrenched by iron screws, and the puling, pallid sentimentalist—with his heart of curds and whey—even then cried out, and still exclaiming, ended the iniquity.

And thus, Phinehas—most orthodox, "well-instructed Christian"—thus, the sentimentalist will continue in the weakness of his old ways, until the wheel, and the rack, and the steel-boot, and the thumb-screw, and all the machinery that, in his ignorance and weakness, man learned of the devil wherewith to chastise and reform his fellow-man—until with all the blood-stained lumber of barbarous times the hangman is set for aye aside.

Painful is it, Phinehas, for thy well-regulated mind to consider; but the time is coming—fast coming—and Calcraft, thy living hope of Newgate, will officially be of no more account than he brainless mummy of the Egyptian King, slumbering in Bloomsbury.

From a Review in Blackwood of "Ten Years at the Court of Louis Philippe."

STATESMEN AND EXECUTIONERS.

We return to M. Appert's dinners. To meet Samson and Vidocq, he had invited the late Lord Durham, Dr. Bowring, De Jouy the Academician, Admiral Laplace, and several others. The executioner sat on his right, the policeman on his left, and both occasionally favoured him with a confidential *a parte*. Samson was grave and serious, rather out of his element amongst the *grand seigneurs*, at he called them; Vidocq, on the contrary, was gay, lively, and quite at his ease.

"Do you know," said he, with a laugh, to the headsman, "I have often sent you customers when I was chief of the brigade of safety?"

"I know you have, M. Vidocq," replied Samson. Then in a low voice to me, "Anywhere but in your house, Sir, I should hardly like to dine in company with that joker. He's a queer one." Almost at the same moment, Vidocq whispered, "He's a worthy man, that Monsieur Samson; but all the same, it seems odd to me to sit at the same table with him." Very good, the spy; not bad, the hangman. In the conversation that followed, Lord Durham and the accomplished Hermite de la Chausee d'Antin took a share, and Samson gave some curious details concerning his terrible profession. He was on the scaffold when Louis XVI. was executed. "We all loved the King in our family," said he, "and when my father was obliged, according to orders, to take up the head by the hair and show it to the people, the sight of that royal countenance, which preserved all its noble and gentle expression, so affected him that he nearly swooned away. Luckily I was there, and being tall, I masked him from the crowd, so that his tears and emotion, which in those days might have sufficed to bring us to the guillotine in our turn, passed unobserved." Presently Vidocq ventured a joke, concerning the headsman's office, which greatly offended him of the axe, who muttered his displeasure in M. Appert's ear. "That man is as coarse as barley bread," was his remark: "it is easy to see he is not used to good society; *he does not behave himself as I do.*" Poor Samson, who receives about five hundred a year for the performance of his melancholy duties, was, in reality, very well behaved. His appearance was so respectable, his black coat, gold chain, and frilled shirt, so irreproachable, that on his first visit to M. Appert, that gentleman's secretary took him for some village mayor on his way to a wedding, or about to head a deputation to the King. Upon Lord Durham's expressing a wish to see the guillotine, he obligingly offered to show it to him. M. Appert gives an account of the visit. "On the following Saturday, Lord Durham, accompanied by his nephew, heir, I believe, to his title and vast fortune, came in his carriage to fetch me. He had told so many English of our intended visit, that we were followed by a string of vehicles, like the procession to a funeral. On our way, Lord Durham asked me if it were not possible to buy a sheep to try the guillotine upon. On my telling him that to do so would give just grounds for severe criticisms, he did not press his wish. On reaching the Rue du Marais, I went alone into Samson's house. He was in a full dress suit of black, waiting to receive us. He conducted our party, at least fifty in number, to the banks of the Canal St. Martin, where, in a coachman's shed, the guillotine was kept. Here there was a fine opportunity for the display of a genuine English characteristic. Everybody wished to touch everything; to handle the hatchet and baskets, and get upon the plank which supports the body when the head is fitted into the fatal frame. Samson had had the guillotine repainted, and put together, and bundles of straw served to show its terrible power."

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PAPERS.

From the London Punch.

JONATHAN IN HIS GLORY.

The *Baltimore Sun* contains some correspondence relative to the late battle of Monterey, portions of which seem to have been expressly written for quotation in our periodical. As for instance—the writer is speaking of the "Texan Rangers:"—

They were each armed with barrelled rifles, and, as may be supposed, did great execution among the copper-skins.

Copper-skins! Quite a sporting phrase. Who would think the skins were those of human beings? He then relates the following "incidents"—

Colonel M'Cluny, of Mississippi, the great duelist, got upon the breastworks, waved his hat, and was in the act of giving three cheers, when a ball struck him, from the effects of which he has since died.

Universally regretted, of course, as the "great duelist," an honour to his country.

Samuel W. Chambers, one of the rangers, or "the Delaware hero," as they called him, deliberately took aim with his "fire-shooter," firing with great effect, and crushing the Mexicans.

But is impossible for me to mention all the numerous incidents that occurred at the present time.

Let us correct what must have been an *erratum* in the preceding paragraph. For "numerous" read "murderous:" such is the right designation of the whole affair: and even Jonathan himself must admit "that's a fact."

The Old Parr of Algiers.—The oldest and happiest inhabitant of Algiers is just dead. He expired in his 110th year. For many years previous to his death, his intimate friends could not discover the secret of his excellent health and his agreeable, happy spirit. Sidi Abdallah was, as we have prefaced the old Parr of Algiers. Again and again was he importuned by his relatives and friends to communicate to them the secret of his wonderful health. He was so erect in stature—had such a comely, black beard—and commonly ate pilau enough for any three true believers. His relatives and friends—to speak of them again—looking on the unwrinkled face and glistening eye of that blithe old man, were certain that he could make their fortunes—(for the Algerines are a pill-taking people)—if he would only confide to them the secret history of his health and longevity. Much was he importuned, and at length he promised that he would leave behind him the written mystery of his ease and old age. After his funeral (writes our especial Algerine correspondent) Sidi Abdallah's relatives and friends assembled at the house of the deceased; when the promised secret, beautifully written on illuminated vellum, was produced. It was as follows:

"Allah Bismallah! I die full of years as the date-tree full of fruit. And the cause thereof—hear it, ye faithful—is this. It is not that I have been more temperate, more wise, more just than other men. But it is; although the city is theirs—sons of dogs as they are—I have never yet beheld *the face of a Frenchman.*"

The Rajah of Sattara's Case.—The case of the Rajah of Sattara is one of those instances which could not have occurred anywhere but in India. It could not have arisen in Ireland, or the Colonies, or in all Europe, precisely because publicity would have visited the events in their earliest, and have denied all possibility of approach to a mature stage. What is the story of the Rajah of Sattara? He was a Prince restored to power by the Company themselves. When Bajee Row, the Prime Minister of the Mahrattas, was defeated, the Rajah of Sattara, then a youth, not twenty years of age, was released from the thraldom of his enemies, and replaced on the throne of his ancestors by the East India Company themselves. For eighteen years, the Company continued in the strictest alliance with him. They decreed him a letter, and a sword, in testimony of their appreciation of his merits. They constantly styled his Government, enlightened, just, and beneficent; they placed the greatest reliance on his integrity; and regarded his loyalty as unimpeachable. On a sudden, this Prince, so singularly renowned and applauded, is hurled to the dust; stripped of his state, and even personal possessions, and banished *nine hundred miles* from his native air, is condemned to pass the rest of his existence in melancholy exile—that in the face of all the princes of the earth, and of India, without hope or prospec of succour, and, what is more, without knowing wherefore. A damning suspicion is in the fact, that they deny their victim "*a hearing.*"—*Indian Examiner.*

Rubens' "Descent from the Cross."—Considerable anxiety is felt by all the lovers of art respecting the condition of Rubens' celebrated "descent from the Cross," in the Cathedral of Antwerp. According to the recently expressed opinion of the director of the Museum at Berlin, the painting will be entirely spoiled in a year's time, unless it be restored. It appears that a portion of the colouring is almost falling from the canvas.

A Surprise.—A Southern gentleman was on board a steam vessel proceeding from New-York to Philadelphia. He engaged in conversation with two unknown gentlemen, and soon plunged into the subject of Slavery. He was a slaveholder. They were Abolitionists. With one of them he was peculiarly pleased, and they discussed the subject for some length of time. He at last addressed the other Abolitionist thus—"How easy and pleasant it is to argue the matter with such a man as your friend! If all your Abolitionists were like him, how soon we and you might come to an understanding! But you are generally so coarse and violent! You are all so like Garrison. Pray give me your friend's name?" "You have just spoken it: it is Mr. Garrison." "Impossible! This gentleman is so mild, so gentlemanly." "Ask the cap-tain if it be not Mr. Garrison." It was an important point; the captain was asked. The mild, courteous, simple, sprightly, gentlemanly person was Mr. Garrison.—*H. Martineau, in Ward's Miscellany.*

Look at Home.—A Polish Sclavonian Society has been established in America, to aid in emancipating the Poles from the dominion of Russia, its President being John P. Berrien, a Senator and a—slaveholder!

Rowland Hill on one occasion, when he had preached in a chapel where none but baptized adults were admitted to the sacrament, wished to have communicated along with them, but was told respectfully, "You cannot sit down at *our* table." He only calmly replied, "I thought it was *the Lord's* table."

At a meeting of the Chippenham Literary Institution, Mr. Stack, the Secretary, intimated that at a future meeting he would move that ladies be admitted members.

Mr. Christopher Bowly, a member of the Society of Friends, has erected, at his own cost, a handsome Temperance Hall in Cirencester, and has made it over to trustees for the use of the public.

Intended Exportation of Shakspeare's House to America.—An Englishman has addressed a letter to the Times, in which he announces that Shakspeare's house is about to be removed to America. He says, "It is with the greatest indignation that I have this day heard from good authority that the house in which Shakspeare was born, at Stratford-on-Avon, which was advertised for sale, which implied as everybody thought, merely a change of housekeepers, has been purchased for the purpose of its being removed to America, and that its removal is about to take place. Need I add another word to excite in the breast of every Englishman as much indignation as it does, sir, in your correspondent?"

An Irish paper says, the universal topic of conversation in political circles here (Dublin) is the "reconciliation" between the Old and Young Irelanders. We should have thought the "starvation" question more pressing, but perhaps, *that's* considered England's business.

According to Professor Gruithuisen, the time required for light to travel from the new planet (Le Verrier's) to the earth, is four hours, twenty-one minutes, and nineteen seconds, while light travels from the sun to the earth in eight minutes and thirteen seconds.

On Sunday last a Parsee, ordained three weeks ago in Edinburgh, as a Free Church minister, preached in the Rev. Mr. Hamilton's church, Regent Square.

It is a frequent custom with the New Zealand females to pet young pigs, in the same manner as European ladies fondle dogs and kittens.

Since 1817 there have been fifteen revolutions in Portugal. Rather more than one every other year.

The Members of the Free Church of Scotland have already contributed the munificent sum of nearly £10.000 towards supplying relief to the suffering poor in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

At Aycombe, near Hexham, there is a chapel built and occupied alternately by Independents, Wesleyans, and Primitive Methodists—a veritable Evangelical Alliance.

A Statue of Mrs. Siddons, the great tragedian, is to be placed in Westminster Abbey. The chosen sculptor is Mr. Thomas Campbell, who has just finished the model.

At a meeting held in Woodbridge it was determined to erect a monument to Thomas Clarkson, in Playford church-yard. It was stated also that Lord Brougham would propose the placing of a statue of the Philanthropist in Westminster Abbey.

An American paper describes Thomas Moore as "certainly a well-known poet." Certainly.

Liszt has lately married, at Prague, the daughter of a wealthy jeweller. The lady is said to have brought her husband a dowry of three millions of